

"Leslie's Weekly" will pay for acceptable stories of the most interesting experiences of our soldiers in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.



Two copies received.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED



VOL. LXXXVII.—NO. 2248.
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 13, 1898.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$6.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1.50.
Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post-office.



UNIFORMS AND TYPES OF OUR ARMY AND NAVY.—PLATE III. OFFICERS OF THE VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS.

A captain's uniform of dark-blue cloth, consisting of a blouse having buttons down the front, four pockets, two on each side, the upper ones having a box-plait; plain trousers, campaign hat. A tropical uniform of Kharkee or buff linen drill, with blue facings of cloth. Blouse has four pockets, box-plait down the back. Light-brown gaiters and campaign hat. Type IV., next week, will show the uniforms of a group of marines.

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Judge Building, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

LONDON SALES-AGENTS: The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London, England.

OCTOBER 13, 1898.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

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One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
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"Unconditional Surrender!"

THE meeting of the peace commissioners at Paris marks the climax of one of the most notable events in the world's history. We are told that the American peace commissioners have been positively directed not to recede from a single claim. From Madrid comes similar information respecting the Spanish commissioners, and also the news that they have been told to make a firm stand upon the question of the Philippine Islands, the Cuban debt, and the compensation to which Spain thinks she is entitled for public works in Cuba and Porto Rico. French financiers who have railway interests in Porto Rico partly guaranteed by the Spanish government have no doubt suggested some of Spain's contentions.

Secretary Day, a member of the peace commission, said at first that the treaty of peace would be concluded in less than sixty days. Now it is understood that a settlement is not anticipated before the close of the current year. Spain is in no hurry. Sagasta has instructed the Spanish commissioners to seek every pretext for delay, and to obtain as much as they can by a policy of procrastination. He hopes also that resulting entanglements may induce France or Germany at the last moment to interfere, to strengthen the side of Spain. The unwarranted delay in the evacuation of Cuba indicates that Sagasta's instructions are being generally observed.

The fourth clause of the protocol provided that "Cuba, Porto Rico, and other Spanish islands in the West Indies shall be immediately evacuated." This protocol was signed August 12th, but the evacuation, at this writing, has hardly commenced. Havana is entirely in the hands of the Spaniards, and Captain-General Blanco has advised the Madrid government that "the army in Cuba will do its duty, if the peace negotiations fail and a renewal of hostilities follows." It even has been proposed that after the military evacuation of Cuba the Spanish administration shall continue until the treaty of peace has been signed at Paris. If the peace protocol had not left the execution of the details of the evacuation of the Spanish islands to commissioners, but had fixed a day for the evacuation, Cuba could have been in new hands now.

But the Philippine question promises the most serious complication. There is no mistaking the tenor of dispatches from Madrid. We are plainly told that the Americans have no right to a protectorate over Luzon or any of the islands of the archipelago, and that the Spanish commissioners at Paris "will energetically defend their rights against American claims." Why was this most important of all questions left open in the protocol to perplex and annoy a peace commission equally divided between the two countries? What will be done in case of a dead-lock?

There was a great American general, in the late Civil War, who fought his battles to a finish, and when, at the end of a forty-days' siege, he had his gallant opponents where they were ready to capitulate he wrote the terms of capitulation. There were but two words, but they covered everything, and there was no mistaking what they meant. These words were, "unconditional surrender." The same general, at the close of the war, when a great army of splendid fighters, worn out by an unequal contest, offered to lay down their arms, himself wrote the terms of final surrender in such precise and definite form that no question ever arose as to what they meant. When hostilities ceased the war ended.

It may prove to be a great and an expensive misfortune that we had not available a hand equally as skillful, experienced, and well trained, to write the terms of Spain's surrender. Spain was crushed; her power on land and sea was gone, and whatever we had demanded she would have been obliged to yield. We could have taken the Philippines—all of them—reserving our obvious privilege of giving back to Spain anything that we did not need or care to keep; or we could have disposed of them in any other way that might have been best for the welfare and glory of the American nation.

The peace protocol ended hostilities. Has it ended the war?

The Next Centennial.

ST. LOUIS proposes to hold the next great centennial exposition in the United States. It is to be the centennial of the purchase of the territory of Louisiana, and will be held in St. Louis in 1903, one hundred years after the vast stretch of territory included in the Louisiana purchase was added to the United States. The acquisition of this territory more than doubled the country's area, and was the greatest of all the steps taken in the direction of national expansion. The exposition will be a

national affair, and every State and Territory will be asked to participate and give it a representative character. The enterprising St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is an ardent advocate of the project and predicts a great success for it.

No city in the West is more solid in its financial, business, and commercial strength than St. Louis, and none more promising. It is destined to be one of the greatest cities, not only of the continent, but of the world. It has not been the creation of boomers or exploiters, but has had a steady, quiet, and extraordinary growth, mainly due to the natural commercial advantages its location gives it. It will be a great thing for St. Louis to have an exposition that will attract to its doors hundreds of thousands from distant sections who do not realize what St. Louis is and what it is destined to be.

Getting at the Truth.

SECRETARY ALGER's tour of inspection has borne good fruit. He did not find everything in the camps as it should be, and did not hesitate to say that remaining evils would be promptly rectified, and that incompetent officers in charge of camps, if found, would be held strictly accountable, and that if they failed to put and keep their camps in first-class condition, he would see that they were replaced by competent men. This is the sort of talk we might expect from the veteran secretary.

A great many persons believe it would be far better if the authorities at Washington would order a court-martial of some of those implicated in the scandalous conduct of the camps, rather than to waste time in the court-martial of the chaplain of the *Oregon* for having taken the name of Admiral Sampson in vain. It seems as if there might be business of more importance to take in hand, without spending precious time on frivolous charges against a poor navy chaplain. At Lexington, Kentucky, Generals Wiley and Sanger indicted the management of two of the staff departments of the army—the medical and quartermaster's—and named some of the men whom they held to be responsible for the bad results of inefficiency and mismanagement. The public would welcome an investigation, a court-martial, or anything else that would uncover the officers who have betrayed their trust and inflicted hardships on the brave boys in camp. Drop the chaplains who have talked too much, and take up the commanding officers who have done too little.

Major-General Breckinridge, of Lexington, pointed out to Secretary Alger that the hospital surgeons in his command paid no attention to instructions given them by his officers, claiming that they were subject only to the orders of Surgeon-General Sternberg. Other officers have made similar complaints. Dr. Nicholas Senn, late chief surgeon of volunteers, says that much evil has resulted from the fact that the medical department has been dependent upon the quartermaster's department. Whenever transportation was required for medical and hospital supplies the authority of the quartermaster had to be invoked. Medical officers had no authority, even in an emergency, and there was a constant lack of harmony, and often dangerous and fatal delay. Dr. Senn, whose experience entitles him to the greatest respect, insists that the entire medical branch of the service should be reorganized; that the surgeon-general should be given higher rank, as rank is everything in the army; that the medical department should have its own lighters and transports in times of invasion, and its own mules and wagons at all times. He says that at Montauk much suffering would have been avoided but for the fact that the quartermaster had to be called upon for transportation facilities and supplies. This recommendation will no doubt have the speedy attention of the authorities.

Decided advantages have grown out of Secretary Alger's visit to the camps, and the fact that complaints have ceased indicates that the work of reformation has been effectively begun.

Amazing Growth of Life Insurance.

It is doubtful if the general public has any appreciation of the extent of the life-insurance business in the United States. During the past twenty-seven years the life companies of this country have received from policy-holders over \$3,000,000,000; have paid over \$1,000,000,000 in death-claims, and nearly \$1,000,000,000 in endowments, annuities, dividends, and surrender values. Since 1871 there has been paid out for insurance more than the amount of our national debt when at its highest point, namely, \$2,700,000,000, and the payments of insurance companies to their members have nearly equaled the enormous disbursements of the government on account of pensions.

These startling figures we give on the authority of the Hon. John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance Company. At the recent twenty-eighth national insurance convention at Milwaukee, Mr. McCall presented a masterly and exhaustive review of life insurance from 1871, the date of the first convention of insurance officials held in the United States. His address is doubtless the most comprehensive review of the character that has ever been presented within the limits of a single speech. It traces the early history of life insurance up to the period of disaster which began about the panic year of 1873 and continued for nearly a decade. It outlines the wholesome, restrictive insurance legislation which was one of the results of the period of disaster, and which opened the way largely for the enormous increase of the life-insurance business until it has been established finally on a basis of unprecedented magnitude.

The rise of assessment societies is also considered in the most unprejudiced light, for President McCall believes that these companies, in the main, have had a beneficial effect, in that they have taught the public the cost of temporary protection by means of assessment associations, and the value of permanent insurance in the substantial, old-line companies. The address reveals that the tendency of legislation has been entirely in the interests of public safety. The many changes required by law in the form of policy contracts embrace features intended to relieve the policy-holder from vexatious restrictions, to assist him in keeping his policy in force, and to provide for the certain and prompt payment of the policy at maturity. All companies now guarantee cash-surrender values, and unnecessary restrictions on policy-holders, relating to occupation, residence, travel, and personal habits, have been removed.

The address combats the prevalent notion that the life insur-

ance business is extravagantly conducted. President McCall shows that the salaries of all officers and home office employees of the life companies, usually supposed to enjoy princely incomes, comprise less than nine per cent. of the total expenses, while taxes, licenses, and fees imposed by law are equal to nearly five per cent. of the total; that the great majority of life agents have hard work to make a living, and that of the 4,000 or more agents of the New York Life Insurance Company, 3,000 earn \$1,000 per annum, or less, while especially skilled men in the mechanical trades, it is calculated, earn over \$1,200 per year.

Additional safeguards required in the life-insurance business suggested by the address are: (1) The utmost care in making investments; (2) the frequent necessity of re-valuation of securities; (3) the close study of the company's business, upon the latest principles now required by the insurance departments; and (4) the assumption of a higher standard of reserve than that by which the company's solvency is tested under the law. The object of the life-insurance company, says the speaker, should be: "First, to insure men at some rate, and, secondly, to make the rate as low as is consistent with safety and the fulfillment of its reason for existence." This is as good a definition of life insurance as could be put in a few words.

The entire address bristles with practical suggestions. It is instructive, clear, logical, and comprehensive, and the most notable addition of the year to the literature of insurance.

The Plain Truth.

It is said that since 1895 the war with Cuba, including the consequent war with the United States, has cost Spain the enormous sum of \$375,000,000, without reference to the loss of her rich colonies and of her splendid naval vessels. Placing the value of the colonies at a moderate estimate, the total loss to Spain must be not far from \$1,000,000,000—an amount equal to the indemnity which France had to pay to Germany at the close of the great Franco-Prussian struggle. It is no wonder that Señor Sagasta publicly speaks of Spain as "an anæmic country."

It is not an infrequent occurrence to read of children falling down the air-shafts in the lofty tenements of New York. In most instances instant death results. Recently, a three-year-old child fell five stories down an air-shaft in one of New York's tenements and sustained only a slight scalp wound, because her fall was broken by eight clothes-lines that happened to be stretched across the shaft at different floors. This suggests that our city authorities should require that every air-shaft in a tenement-house should be protected near the bottom by a suitable netting. This netting might be of wire, in order to give it durability. It would be inexpensive, and it would be a life-saver.

According to the New Orleans *Picayune*, of the 22,000,000 persons engaged in labor pursuits in the United States, about 4,000,000 are females, and these receive only half the wages paid to men for the same service. The *Picayune* justly characterizes this as an outrage, and it believes that when women have acquired the power in business which they have always been able to wield in love they will cure the evil of low wages also. One of the most forcible and practical arguments for women's suffrage that its advocates have advanced is that the bestowal of the suffrage would compel a just and equitable recognition of their rights as wage-earners, and this recognition cannot be brought about too soon.

It is urged that, having entered upon the war for humanity's sake only, we are compelled to refrain from taking permanent possession of Cuba, the Philippines, or any other Spanish territory. But how about the humanity of turning back the people of any of these regions to the cruel and oppressive rule of Spain? It cannot be done for two reasons: it would not be a just and righteous act on our part, and the people once free from Spanish rule will not go back to it if they can help it, whether we want them to or not. They have been fighting for liberty now these many years, and they will continue to fight for it until they get it. We are helping them now for humanity's sake, and we ought to stand by them for the same reason. If we do not, who can and will?

The Cincinnati boys who have organized the American Boy Association, for the purpose of building a battle-ship, write to us as follows: "We find that LESLIE'S WEEKLY and the Detroit *Free Press* have rendered us the most valuable assistance in spreading the news of our project, since we have received letters from all sections of our country, in which the writers say they read of it in either one or the other of these journals. We are grateful to you for the assistance rendered us." There is no other such medium for reaching intelligent people in every State and Territory, and in nearly every foreign land, as LESLIE'S WEEKLY. A traveler wrote us recently that he was surprised to find a copy of LESLIE'S WEEKLY in a restaurant at Carlsbad. It is on file also in every leading hotel in Paris and in nearly every hotel throughout Europe. Our foreign subscription department is one of the largest enjoyed by any weekly publication in the world.

Our wide-awake and interesting contemporary, *Printer's Ink*, publishes a communication from George Kissam, one of the leading beneficiaries of the street-car advertising system, in which he undertakes to make light of the action of the New York State Editorial Association in opposing street-car and elevated-railway advertising. Mr. Kissam does not treat the subject seriously, and entirely neglects to answer the allegation that the charters of these transportation companies have clearly and expressly defined limitations, and include nothing which authorizes or permits the use of street-cars or elevated structures for advertising purposes. Mr. Kissam also avoids reference to the fact that the advertising contracts of the elevated railroads contain a distinct clause providing for the discontinuance of the advertisements at any time, and that the explanation of this clause is that legal steps may be interposed at any moment to prevent the use of the elevated railroad for advertising purposes on the ground of its illegality. Newspapers are held strictly amenable to the law, and they propose to see to it that those who engage in illegitimate and unfair competition with them are held to the same accountability.

—The first man wounded on the American side, during the war with Spain, was James F. J. Archibald. He was shot in the left arm while landing from the *Gusse* expedition.



JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD.

aide-de-camp on a general's staff. He was one of the half-dozen correspondents who saw the surrender of Santiago, and lived at the Governor's palace in that city for three weeks. He had unusual opportunities for witnessing a phase of the war that has not yet been pictured. Mr. Archibald has seen a great deal of fighting in the Indian country and has had a varied experience with the regular army in Western campaigns. He has done much excellent literary work, and in next week's issue of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* begins a series of articles on his personal experiences and the results of his observations in the Cuban campaign. No one is more competent to speak as an eye-witness of what occurred during the throes of the Cuban campaign than Mr. Archibald, and our readers will be delighted and instructed by what he will have to say. His letters will be illustrated by Mr. H. C. Christy, our famous war artist, whose admirable sketches from the front have attracted general attention.

—Miss Annie Rose, the queen and the representative of Hawaii at the rose carnival at Topeka, Kansas, is a handsome Hawaiian girl, and representative of the tall, robust, stately beauties of the islands. Miss Rose is part Hawaiian and part American, with large, dark eyes, a soft, olive skin, curling black hair, and a fine figure. She is both tall and plump, and moves with that stately grace that is peculiarly Hawaiian. No one who has ever seen the Hawaiian women walk, with the superb motion of hip and shoulder, can ever forget the swinging grace of their movements. They are seldom slender, but are alive in every muscle and every curve—and life is beauty. Miss Rose's home is in Hilo, which is in the southern part of Hawaii, and is the second city in size in the islands.

—The *Occasional* is a little publication of four pages, of which 1,000 copies are printed by five boys, at Lexington, Kentucky. The publishers are G. Chafee Smith, aged eight; Wilbur Smith, Jr., aged ten, both sons of Colonel Wilbur R. Smith,



MISS ANNIE ROSE.

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THE "OCCASIONAL" EDITORIAL STAFF.

of the Kentucky University; James Watson, Jr., aged eleven, and Harry Watson, aged nine, cousins of Admiral Watson, of

the United States Navy; and Henry Guthrie, Jr., aged twelve. The platform of the *Occasional* is, "Less politics, more circuses, plenty of watermelons." The salutary announces that the paper is published "because we want to make enough money to have a jolly good time this summer." The picture we present shows the two Watson boys on the left, George Chafee Smith in the middle, and Henry Guthrie, Jr., and Wilbur Smith, Jr., at his right.

—Mr. Carl G. Schmidt, who has been elected vice-president-at-large for the United States of the Music Teachers' National Association, is a young man who has leaped into prominence in the musical world. He is a musician of merit, being one of the most successful piano-instructors and organists in the East. His work in the lecture-field has also attracted attention. His real worth was brought out in his ability as chairman of the executive committee of the Music Teachers' National Association, and much of the success of the great convention held at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, was due to his untiring effort

and enthusiasm. Mr. Schmidt was born in Albany, New York, thirty-five years ago. He is an earnest student, having studied abroad for four years, but not until after careful preparation in this country. He has steadily risen in the appreciation of the musical world.

—Miss Rose Leighton, who has been engaged by the Castle Square Opera Company, of New York, for character comedy roles, is a native of Shepherds Bush, a suburb of London. Neither of her parents was connected with the stage. Her father was a doctor. She was a lover of music when a child. She studied under the Italian master Gildardoni, and through the influence of Music Director Stanislaus obtained an engagement at the Criterion Theatre, London, making her debut in a French opera by Lecocq, called "Les Pris St. Gervais," which was followed by "Girofle-Girofia," in which

Miss Leighton played *Pedro*. She had been on the stage scarcely three months before the entire company was engaged by Messrs. Colville and Henderson to appear in New York. She has traveled with many of the leading companies, including the Hess, McCaull, Duff, Lillian Russell, and D'Arville. Last year she sang with the Castle Square Company, which was then playing in Boston. She has a wide experience, and is capable of playing a different style of part each week.

—Comparatively few persons in greater New York are aware that among their fellow-residents is one who is entitled to the honor of having founded and named the great and historic Republican party. Yet such is the distinction which belongs to Major Alvan Earle Bovay, who is now quietly passing the closing years of a useful life in a pleasant home in Brooklyn. Major Bovay is in his eightieth year, but he bears the burden of age more lightly than do most octogenarians. His mind is as clear and his judgment as sound as ever, and he still takes an active interest in current events. Born in Adams, Jefferson

County, New York State, in July, 1818, Major Bovay, soon after he was thirty years of age, moved to the West and settled at Ripon, Wisconsin, where he soon became a leading public man. He was an intimate friend of Horace Greeley, and while on a visit to New York in 1852 he discussed with the great editor the probable outcome of the Whig national convention of that year. The major predicted the nomination of General Scott, but expressed the opinion that the general would be badly beaten in the election. He also foretold the collapse of the Whig party, of which both he and Mr. Greeley were members, and the organization of its successor on new issues and under the name Republican. Mr. Greeley did not coincide with these views, but the result confirmed Major Bovay's foresight. General Scott went down in defeat in the fall of 1852, and in January, 1854, Senator Douglas introduced in the Senate the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which repealed the famous Missouri Compromise. Mr. Douglas's action startled the North. Major Bovay

saw his opportunity and went about in his locality seeking to unite Whigs, Free-soilers, and Barn-burners in a party opposed to the extension of slavery. In this he was successful, and on March 20th, 1854, there was organized at Ripon, under Major Bovay's leadership and with a suitable declaration of principles, the very first branch of the Republican party. This action attracted wide attention and the movement spread like wildfire until, before long, the Republican party was a potent fact in every Northern State. The first Republican State convention was held in Michigan, the second in Wisconsin. The States fell successively in line, and the first Republican National Convention was held in 1856. The record of the party since that date has been as eventful as that of any other political organization this country has known. Major Bovay supplemented his work by good service as a legislator in Wisconsin and as a soldier of the Union during the late war.

—Mrs. Nancy Jones, one of the two living widows of the Revolutionary War, will soon celebrate her centennial birthday



MR. CARL G. SCHMIDT.

at her home near Jonesboro, Tennessee. This will be an event of much interest, as scores of her friends have decided to give her a big reception on that day. Mrs. Nancy Weatherman, the other widow of a Revolutionary soldier, who resides but a few miles distant, will no doubt be a guest. Mrs. Jones is well preserved for one of her age, being in full possession of all her faculties, her eyesight being slightly dim. She lives contentedly with her niece, a pet dog, a faithful cow, and treasured spinning-wheel.

While cars pass her home almost hourly, she has no desire for travel. In 1828, after Darling Jones, who was a fifer in the Revolutionary War, and who led the American forces at King's Mountain, asked her to marry him, she consented. They lived happily together for nearly a third of a century, when he died. Mrs. Jones blesses the country and offers a prayer for its preservation at frequent intervals. She draws a small pension from the office at Knoxville. The war with Spain was of much interest to her, and she made daily inquiries about it.

—Le Grand Eastman, of Rutland, Vermont, who recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday by walking four miles into the mountains, catching a fine string of trout and walking home again none the worse for wear, is still one of the most expert fishermen in that part of the country. During the past troutng season Mr. Eastman has been out whipping the streams for trout at least once a week. "I know all their tricks," the old fisherman says, "but they don't know all of mine!" This veteran angler never tires of relating fishing anecdotes. He has spent his life in Virginia, northern Wisconsin, and Vermont, and from long and varied experience is thoroughly versed in the haunts and habits of trout. The largest trout Mr. Eastman ever caught was a four-pounder captured in Wisconsin. In one day's fishing he has taken as many as 220. When asked to account for his remarkable success in the art of angling, the old gentleman smiles knowingly and says: "Well, it's just because I was born under the lucky planet for fishermen—and, besides, I always use grasshoppers for bait."

—Brigadier-General Henry M. Duffield, who is recovering from a severe attack of yellow fever contracted at Santiago, is an excellent type of the American citizen-soldier. General Duffield left college to enlist when the Civil War broke out, and was commissioned a lieutenant in the Ninth Michigan Infantry. He was promoted to captain, served on General Thomas's staff at Chickamauga, where he was wounded, and was promoted to colonel for gallantry on the field. At the beginning of the Spanish-American war General Duffield was practicing law in Detroit. An intimate acquaintance with him of many years' standing had shown Secretary



BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY M. DUFFIELD.

Alger his many fine qualities, and at the outbreak of hostilities he was offered a commission as brigadier-general. He refused, and the second time it was offered, went to Washington to urge the appointment of another candidate in his stead. President McKinley was struck by his soldierly bearing, and determined to appoint him in any event. General Duffield's brigade was the first one under fire at Aguadore, and after the battle he was quartered in the Siboney fever-hole for several days, and with hundreds of others fell a victim to the incompetency of some one.



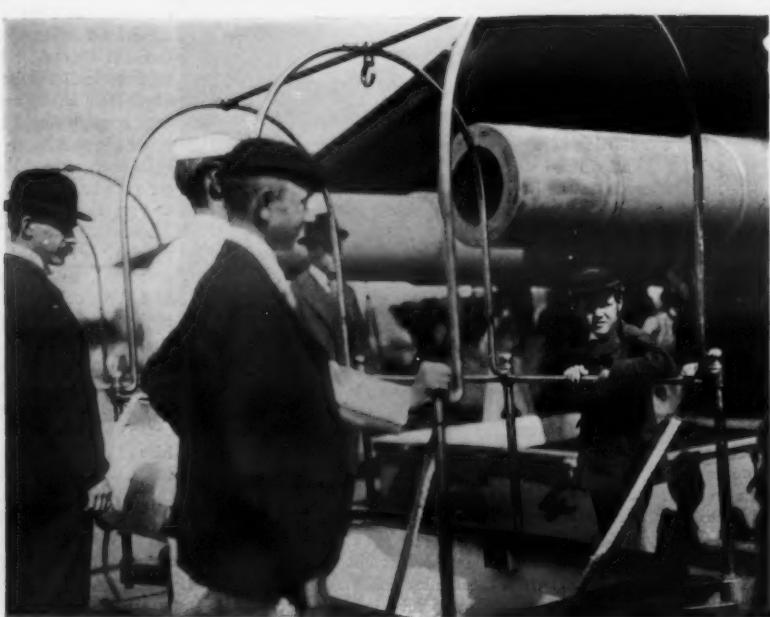
THE "OREGON" AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, BEFORE HER DEPARTURE FOR MANILA.



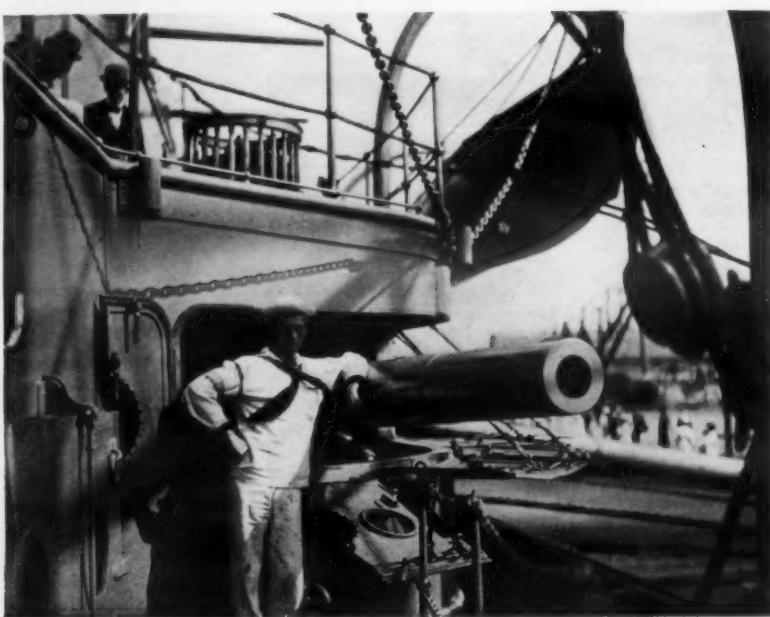
SWARMS OF VISITORS TO THE NAVY'S "BULL-DOG."



ADMIRING THE FAMOUS AND DEADLY THIRTEEN-INCH GUN.



THE THIRTEEN-INCH GUNS, MAGNIFICENT MONSTERS OF WAR.



HIS PET—THE SIX-INCH GUN.

THOUSANDS SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE "OREGON."

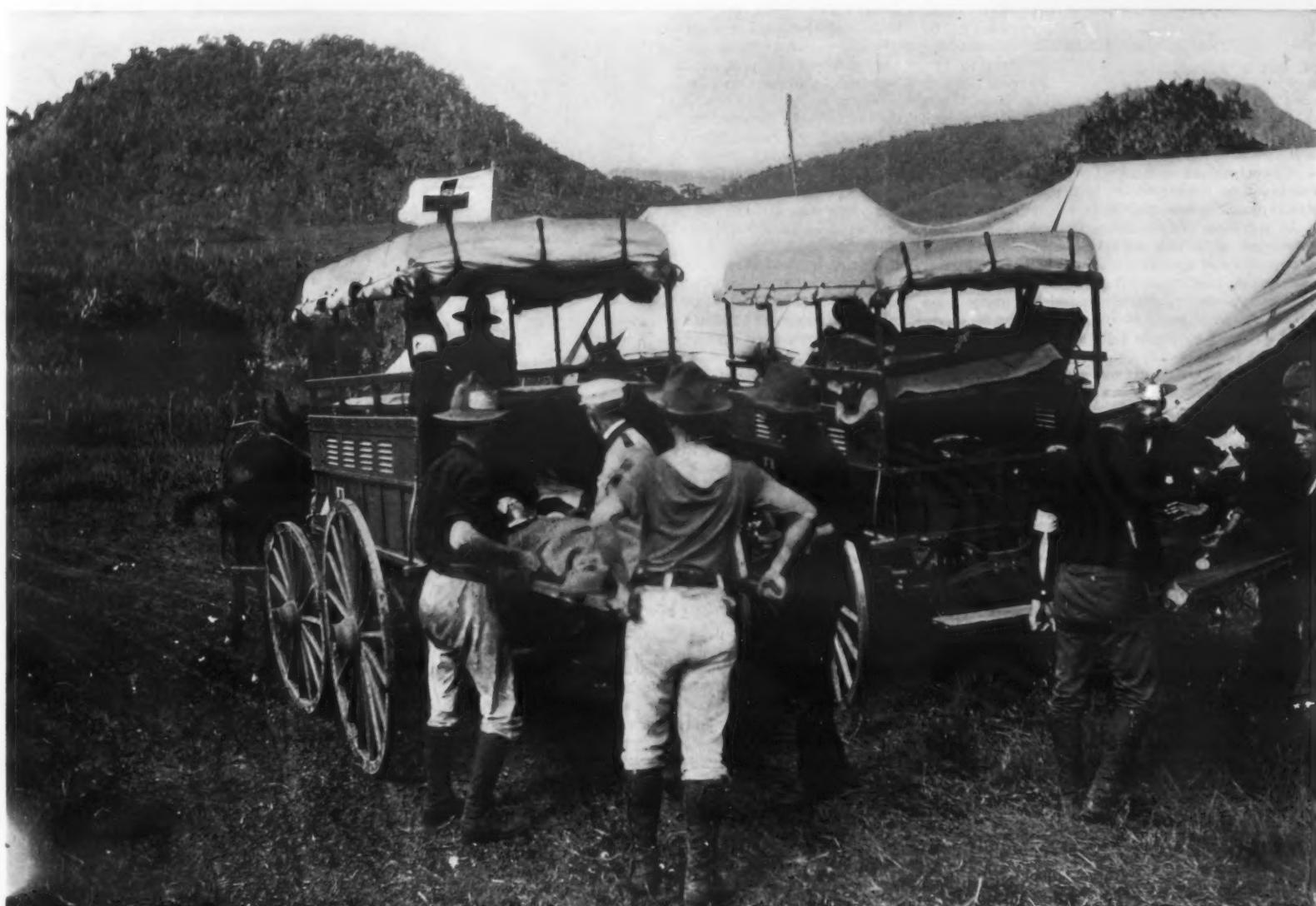
STREAMS OF ADMIRING VISITORS AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, BEFORE THE DEPARTURE OF THE "BULL-DOG OF THE NAVY" TO RE-ENFORCE DEWEY'S FLEET AT MANILA.—(SEE PAGE 294.)



RAPID TRANSIT IN PORTO RICO—STREET SCENE AT PORT OF PONCE.



HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL MILES AT PORT OF PONCE.



TRANSFERRING SICK SOLDIERS FROM THE HOSPITAL NEAR PONCE, TO AMBULANCES, FOR CONVEYANCE TO THE HOSPITAL SHIP "RELIEF."



RESIDENCE OF A SPANIARD AT PONCE, BURNED BY PORTO RICAN RENEGADES.



BATTERY I PREPARING BEDDING FOR THEIR HORSES NEAR PONCE.

PICTURES FROM PORTO RICO.

LIFE IN AND ABOUT PONCE, THE LARGEST CITY IN OUR NEW COLONY.—[SEE PAGE 295.]

STORIES OF CAMP WIKOFF.—II.

SERIOUS CHARGES BY NURSES AGAINST DOCTORS IN THE DETENTION CAMP—THE DEADLY SEA-PUSS WHERE SOLDIERS BATHED—A COURAGEOUS PRIEST—A YARN FROM "HAPPY JACK"—APOTHEOSIS OF THE NEGRO.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.



ROUGH RIDERS' MOUNTAIN LION "JOSIE."

what seems to come from trustworthy sources. Now, it is a fact, that I have the names of no less than three Mt. Sinai nurses, women of high standing in their profession, who worked in the detention camp for weeks, and who have given me such specific instances of incompetence on the part of doctors in charge as would seem to call for thorough investigation.

For instance, one of these nurses declares that, on her arrival, Assistant-Surgeon More told her that he really did not see much for her to do—she might look around among the patients and attend to any odds and ends of work, and then spend the rest of her time looking handsome. The odds and ends of work which she found to do immediately included nursing some thirty men in seven tents, many of whom were dying of starvation and neglect, since no one had given them care for forty-eight hours. She found men lying in sickening filth, so that they had to be scrubbed with brushes before they were clean. She found men covered with vermin. She found men fighting mad in delirium so desperate that they would escape from the tents and run down the hill until pursued and brought back. She found ice wanting, milk wanting, and, on some days, water wanting; and yet the assistant surgeon told her there was nothing much to do!

After a time things improved, but during that time men were dying who had a right to live. Men died in that camp, these nurses say, because they were not cared for properly by the doctors in charge. Some of them were in the critical stages of typhoid fever—the signs of this disease are unmistakable to an experienced nurse—before the doctors had ever diagnosed their cases as typhoid fever. Gross carelessness was shown, the nurses affirm, in the work of diagnosis. Furthermore, stimulants and necessary drugs, like strychnine, were not ordered for typhoid cases when it was a matter of life or death that they should be ordered. In many instances the nurses saved or prolonged lives by taking the law into their own hands and administering such medicines as they knew from their hospital training to be necessary.

Two reasons are suggested for this criminal neglect of the sick: First, that doctors were placed in charge of wards—heaven knows how—who were too young and inexperienced to be there; who should have been learning their profession at home instead of exercising harmful authority over suffering heroes; secondly, that some of these doctors showed a callousness and indifference to the condition of private soldiers that is more than brutal.

"I was censured one day," said one of these nurses, "for making too much of my patients. 'Don't coddle the men,

In describing, as I have done in previous articles, how our dead soldiers were buried, and how our living soldiers were sent home, I put down nothing to which I could not bear personal witness, but in what I have to say now I must rely upon the testimony of others, taking care to present only

great reason why so many men died; we were too few, the nurses in camp; four times as many would scarcely have been enough. Scores of soldiers died from lack of women nurses; women to bathe them and feed them and fix their beds and dress their sores and cheer them. And God knows there are women enough in the country who would have done this work, and done it gladly, if they had been called upon or even allowed to come. Find out who kept these women away and you will find out who committed a great crime."

* * *

One of the brightest, saddest places about Montauk is the beach near the life-saving station. Miles of dry sand and wet sand, the ceaseless charging of the surf like rushing snow-drifts on a ground of blue, the dazzle of sunlight over all, and death lurking below in the jaws of the cunning sea-puss. We were warned that the place was dangerous, but gave little heed, the water and sand were so tempting in the blazing heat, and morning and evening groups of men might be seen there disporting themselves in the waves or lying about just beyond wetting distance. How glistening—white their bodies looked, long covered up, in contrast to the brown and reddish burn of their necks and faces! How fine to watch the troopers shooting along with the swift side-stroke, heads low, arms reaching forward in long sweeps! One could fancy their horses, tethered on the beach, staring in frank amazement at this performance. And each time when we came out safely we would speak derisively of the under-tow, and assure the station men that they were overcautious. Then one day a news-paper man was swept out half a mile, and got ashore fainting after a fight for his life; and then came the drowning of General Wheeler's son and a young comrade. After that we had more respect for the wily sea-puss, but the bathing went on just the same.

* * *

I was sitting in a Young Men's Christian Association tent one Sunday afternoon beside a convalescent soldier, one of the Twenty-second Infantry. There had been some prayers and singing just before, and I

asked my companion what he thought of the army chaplains. "I think they're fine men," he said, "and brave men. Take Father Fitz Gerald; everybody in the army knows what he did. On that Sunday morning when we had the hard fighting he started out to do what he could for those that went down, and he kept working farther and farther to the front until he got right into the thick of it. He is a strapping big man, and we could see him moving along just back of the firing-line, cheering and comforting the boys and not caring a bit about himself. At last one of the officers went up to him and said:

"They're coming pretty fast here, father; you'd better get down behind one of these trees and keep in shelter."

"No," said Father Fitz Gerald, "my place is with the wounded and the dying."

"But you are exposing yourself needlessly. You will be shot, and we can't afford to lose you."

"Then Father Fitz Gerald said, very quietly—I've heard the officer tell it: 'If my Master calls me I am ready to go.' That's the kind of a chaplain he was.

"And I'll tell you another thing he did that day; he celebrated Mass right on the field, with the battle going on all about him. I saw this myself, for I was there; you see, I'm a Catholic. It was under a big mango-tree, and the bullets came over us so fast that he had to put his hand in the communion-cup and pick out the leaves that fell into it—leaves chipped off by the Mauser balls. Later on I told a Spanish priest about this, and it made him open his eyes. It was after we had taken Santiago, and I was looking about in the big cathedral, and especially taking notice where one of our thirteen-inch shells had struck near the altar and blown a whole corner of the

church off. I suppose the priest must have seen me make a sign of the cross, for he came up to me and asked me in pretty fair English if I was a Catholic.

"Yes," said I, "that's what I am."

"And are there many Catholics in the American army?"

"More than half of them are Catholics, I guess."

"This seemed to surprise him, and he looked at me very stern

and said: 'Tell me, my son, how could these soldiers take part in an unholy war against the mother-church?'

"Oh," said I, "religion don't cut any ice in this war; we're fighting to free Cuba."

"And then I told him about the Mass under the mango-tree, and he thought that was great. It was, too."

* * *

One spot there was in the rough riders' camp where you could always find a curious group, visitors and troopers; this was about Josie's cage, Josie being a mountain-lion, one of the regimental pets. To watch Josie snarl and show her white fangs, to admire the daring of her tamer, the one rough rider whose touch she would permit, as he rolled her, spitting and clawing, on her back, and cuffed her playfully, and otherwise displayed his mastery; to see her welcome poor little frowsy Cuba, the regimental yellow dog, and pat him with her paws, and show that she loved him—these were sights that never grew tame for the followers of Colonel Roosevelt. It was in this group one morning that I met "Happy Jack," and for an hour or so thereafter I enjoyed the picturesqueness of his talk. "Happy Jack" is a product of Arizona; in time of peace he delves the ground for precious metal, and breaks the monotony of things by playing faro, tackling bad men, and painting the evidence of his presence over the visage of frontier towns. He does all things, good or bad, with delight, and it is not on record that he ever was afraid. He is a sharp-featured, clean-shaven young man of about thirty. He speaks English like anybody else, dialect writers to the contrary notwithstanding.



COLORED TROOPERS POLISHING THEIR SABRES.

"Tell him about how you got the Spanish sharpshooter, Happy," said one of the group.

"Yes," said I, "tell me about the Spanish sharpshooter."

Without further urging, "Happy Jack" took the centre of the stage and proceeded thus: "It was on the great day when pretty much everything happened down there—the 1st of July—and I had just gone back from the firing-line a few hundred yards to carry a wounded comrade out of danger. But it looked as if I'd done the wrong thing, for just as I came up to where some doctors and orderlies were, zip came a bullet under my hat, and went into a gentleman behind me. I was just thinking what a lot of life there was in that spent ball, when zip came another bullet on the other side of my head and landed in a tree.

"That's no spent ball," said I; "there's a lad getting a range on me."

"It's a Spanish sharpshooter somewhere about," said an orderly; "he's killed eight or nine men in the last half-hour. See 'em there." He pointed to a lot of dead bodies.

"Well," said I, "if that's the case I guess I'd better go hunting for that Spanish sharpshooter." So I goes down on the ground and gets under cover, and I waits and I watches to make out where the fellow is. You see, he had smokeless powder and it was a job to fix him.

"I guess it took me fifteen minutes before I found him; he was high up in a cocoanut-palm, close to the trunk; just made a dark spot there like a crow's nest. So I throws up my sight to six hundred yards, gets good and steady, and then I says, 'Almighty God, put justice and Christianity in this shot,' and then I pulls the trigger. I said that because I was shooting with a Krag-Jorgensen, and I ain't so well used to them. If I'd had a Winchester I wouldn't have needed to pray; a Winchester is 'Happy Jack's' graft every time. Well, sir, it worked all right. Justice and Christianity prevailed, and my friend, the Spanish sharpshooter, came tumbling out of that cocoanut tree so fast he never knew what hit him. He fell forty feet and was dead before he struck the ground."

* * *

We were standing on high ground one afternoon, near General Wheeler's headquarters—some ladies and I—watching the signalmen receive swift, white flashes from General Young's heliograph, miles to the east; watching the shining tents, streets of tents, miles of tents, that stretched from ocean to ocean; watching mounted orderlies galloping to and fro, and lines of picketed horses on the brow of the hill, and right in the foreground an ambitious mule kicking the paint off an army wagon, when presently a company of soldiers, infantrymen, came toiling up the hill—gaunt men, weak men, sick men—just off a transport. One of them stepped out of the ranks near us and sat down on the grass; the rest went on. And the ladies, in sympathy, gathered about the one who stayed behind. He was a corporal.



SOLDIERS BATHING WHERE YOUNG WHEELER WAS DROWNED.

Miss —, said the doctor to me; 'you'll put notions in their heads. And don't call them "Mister"; they're only privates, after all.' Coddle men, indeed, when all we could do, working night and day, was not half or a quarter what should have been done. Think of it! each one of us had fifteen or twenty men to care for, and many of them were so sick that they ought by rights to have had two or three nurses apiece. That is one

church off. I suppose the priest must have seen me make a sign of the cross, for he came up to me and asked me in pretty fair English if I was a Catholic.

"Yes," said I, "that's what I am."

"And are there many Catholics in the American army?"

"More than half of them are Catholics, I guess."

"This seemed to surprise him, and he looked at me very stern

It turned out that he had merely stopped to fix the things in his haversack, and, so far from being ill, he was in excellent spirits, and well disposed to talk of what had befallen him. As he turned the things out of his haversack he explained what they were.

"There's a clip of Mauser cartridges," he said. "You see, there are five together, and they load them in as one piece. These are some boxes of Spanish matches; take one, if you like. Here's my old corn-cob pipe that I brought from Idaho. This is a silk purse I got off a dead Spaniard; it had about forty dollars in it. I thought it was all right for me to take it, seeing as I killed him myself. Don't you think it was right for me to take it?"

"How do you know you killed him?" asked one of the ladies, evading the question.

"How do I know? Why, he wasn't sixty yards away. He was walking along the ridge of the hill—the San Juan hill, you know—firing slowly, and every once in a while he'd stop to load. My captain went by me and sung out, 'Can't you pick him off, corporal?'

"'Can't I pick him off?' said I; 'why, I could hit him with a rock!' That was why I hated to fire, and, besides, his back was turned; he hadn't seen me. But war is war, so I squatted down on my right foot—that's my favorite position—and let him have it. The bullet went right through him, from back to front, in below the shoulder-blade and out at the throat, smashing his collar-bone.

"When I went up to him I saw he was a handsome young chap, about twenty-two, and in his dispatch-bag I found a little Catholic prayer-book and a picture of his sweetheart—she was a pretty girl—and a lot of her love-letters. That made me feel pretty bad, for you see I've got a sweetheart myself out in Kansas. Here's a glove she gave me the day I came away; see?" From the mass of bullets and things he drew forth a soiled and rumpled glove. "And here's a letter I got from her. It's the only one that has reached me, but I know she's written more; I'd bet on it. Well, I thought about her as I saw this poor chap I'd killed, and I did up the things she'd want to have—the picture and the letters and the prayer-book—and sent them to her. She lives in Barcelona. Between you and me, I'm a little sorry I didn't miss that young chap; but I couldn't very well at sixty yards, could I, ma'am?"

The ladies contented themselves with sighing in reply to this problem in ethics.

"Tell me," said one of them, "did many of our soldiers rob the—that is, take things from the Spanish dead?"

"Why, of course they took rings and watches and purses and loose stuff about their clothes; if they hadn't taken it the Cubans would. I think that was fair enough; but I saw one man whip out his knife and cut off a Spaniard's little finger to get off a fine diamond ring, and I think that was going too far. Still, the man was dead, and the ring was worth two or three hundred dollars, so there you are."

Just then an officer passed on a big gray horse, a handsome young fellow.

"I'll tell you something about that lad," said the corporal, following the ladies' admiring gaze. "He's a second lieutenant in the Sixteenth Infantry, and his father is captain of the company. If they're not brave men, those two, then there aren't any. The only thing either one was afraid of was that the other would be shot. As they charged up the hill through the thick of it, the young lieutenant was right in his father's tracks, and that meant he was right where the greatest danger was, for the captain seemed to laugh at the bullets."

"For God's sake, father," said the boy, "don't expose yourself that way."

"Shut up, you young whelp," said the father, "and keep back where you belong."

* * *

It was impossible to go much about camp without being impressed by the great prestige that has come to the negro through the recent fighting. At the lunch-counters, at the canteens, at the railway-station, everywhere, one felt that the old barrier between black men and white men had been broken down in great measure through those feats of heroism performed by our colored troops on San Juan hill. God bless the nigger! is the feeling of every rough rider as he thinks what might have happened to his regiment but for the Ninth Cavalry and the Tenth Cavalry. And the whole army shares that feeling, and the whole country soon will share it. So it comes that the colored soldier is asking no odds of anybody these days. Watch one of the numberless games of craps going on in camp, white men and black men playing side by side, and the black men tossing out their money with the utmost indifference, and likely as not going away big winners. "Fifteen—twenty—come seven—twenty-five—come eleven—thirty"—and so on. And the numbers called out thus glibly represent not cents, but dollars, and a black man with a pile of bills before him on the grass and a little mountain of silver is no uncommon sight.

And see what a splendid swell the black trooper is becoming. There is no one in the army who takes more pride than he in his accoutrement or spends more money upon it. In the Tenth Cavalry are negroes who boast half a dozen blouses, four or five pairs of trousers, and gold-plated spurs, if you please, and solid silver bits. They are rapidly becoming the dandies of our army, these black troopers. And then hear them tell of their war exploits as they sit about the tent-doors, polishing their sabres until they might serve as mirrors. This is the talk of men who believe in themselves and are not ashamed of their color; heroes as good as any in the land; and yet not forty years ago their fathers and mothers were slaves, which is a fine subject for contemplation.

* * *

Here is one story I heard in such a group:

"Dar was a Spanish off'cer on dat hill, an' I was a-layin' down a firin' away an' a-firin' away, tryin' my best foah to git 'im. Ah could see his sword a-flashin' an' all his gold medals a-shinin' on his breast, but Ah couldn't git 'im. Ah never seen such a man as dat Spanish off'cer. He didn't seem to be afraid o' nuthin'. Ev'y time I'd fiah I cu'd see the dust fly, and sometimes Ah'd go on one side and ve'y close, and sometimes Ah'd go on t'other side ve'y close. But dat Spanish off'cer'd never budge. Ve'y brave Spanish off'cer."

"'Git yeh next time, boss,' Ah'd say, but Ah'd miss 'im ag'in."

"'Guess Ah must be hoodooed, Mistah Span'ard,' Ah'd say, aftah while."

"'Mus'n't laff too long, Mistah Span'ard,' Ah said aftah while, an' a ball went right thro' his he'd. Dat was number twenty-eight—Ah'd counted ebry one."

The Rough Riders in New York.

LET LOOSE ON THE TOWN—NEW YORK TOO MUCH FOR THEM—A HOT OLD TIME WHILE IT LASTED.

WHEN the rough riders struck the Spaniards at Las Quinas and San Juan hill the "dagos" turned tail and ran for their lives. When the rough riders struck New York there was the mischief to pay. A nearer acquaintance with this remarkable collection of frontiersmen, miners, cowboys, and dudes leads one to the inevitable conclusion that nothing approaching its motley complexion nor its fitness for the service it was originally intended for has ever been assembled as a military body. In fact, to call it a military body is not only a misnomer, but an injustice to the men themselves. They prefer to be known as "fighters" and nothing more.

Few of the men had ever been in New York, and when they were mustered out at Camp Wikoff they made a "bee line" for the metropolis. At first the size of the town, its hurly-burly, and the presence of so many women, rather awed them. They wandered listlessly about the streets, standing in solemn contemplation of a twenty-story building, and the next moment equally nonplussed at a well-ordered private equipage, with its coachman, footman, etc.

The facility with which they lost themselves in the streets was amusing. I watched a "bunch" of them circle around the block at Twenty-third Street, Fifth Avenue and Broadway, no less than six times, and always end just where they started. Finally they "rounded up" at the railing in front of the Second National Bank, where they passed the afternoon, while a small-sized mob gathered on the sidewalk and admired their belts full of cartridges, their revolvers, and a Cuban machete from San Juan that one had.

But the Mecca for the majority of them was the Hoffman House. Colonel Roosevelt said he expected to meet them there, and they simply owned the place. You could not get within ten feet of the bar, for the rough riders and their friends. Bedlam was let loose! "Rattlesnake Pete" was much in evidence. Pete has a tenor voice of stentorian proportions. When Pete opens that cowboy throat of his and strikes his "high C" the glasses on the sideboard wobble. Yell! No one understands what the frenzied cry of these men sounds like, until it is heard. No wonder it struck terror into the hearts of the Spaniards. It is infinitely more terror-inspiring than the "ping" of bullets from Krag-Jürgensen rifles.

It must not be supposed that these men do not know how to behave themselves. The percentage of actual rowdyism was very small, when one considers that they were let loose on the town and, one might say, accorded the freedom of the city. It seems strange to see a "rustler," six feet of bone and muscle, stalk up to a bar and call for a glass of lemonade. But I saw it happen at least once, and this man, Lew Morris, of Troop I, said there were four men in his troop who never touched a drop of anything stronger. And he seemed to think that four out of 106 was striking a fine percentage of abstemiousness among the boys.

Then there was "English Jack," Major Dunn's orderly, who is rated among the boys as a millionaire owner of farms and other things; and "Long John Johnson," "Alkali Bill," "Liver Leg," the Apache, the Choctaw McDaniels, Lieutenant Carr, Captain Alexander, and a few others who managed to hold up their end in the neighborhood of the Hoffman House. But there were few actual fights, a good deal of rough horse-play, and practical jokes galore. One of them registered at the Hoffman House, apparently weary enough, and called for a room "four miles long"—just why, the wondering clerk has not yet ascertained. One gratifying feature was their solicitude for their friends who, either through lack of experience or too much experience, were not able to take care of themselves. When these conditions supervened the men were not only put to bed, but locked up, their money and valuables collected and held for them, until calmer moments arrived.

Of course the "outfit," as they called it, gathered innumerable spectators, who never tired hearing them yell and hearing them talk. One afternoon a gathering of prominent Democrats stood in the doorway of the Hoffman House Café, enjoying the proceedings, when one of the rough riders mounted a table and yelled, "Three cheers for Teddy Roosevelt, next Governor State of New York!" Then there followed such cheers, yells, cries, and a "tiger" as are indescribable. It seemed as if a twelve-inch shell had come screaming into the room. It completely spoiled the fun of those Democrats. Anything sicklier than the wan smile which wreathed their faces could not be found upon the emaciated features of a malaria infected convalescent from the trenches before San-tiago.

The picturesque character of the Roosevelt rough riders has appealed strongly to the fevered imagination of the small boy whose literature consists of dime novels, detective stories, etc., so that the camp at Tampa was really infested with these youthful adventurers, who became such a nuisance that

orders were finally issued to clear the camp of them. But some, in time, wandered back, notably "the kid," of Troop H, who appeared with a twenty-two-calibre rifle, a sword, and a huge revolver, and formally announced that he had come to kill Spaniards. This boy speedily became a great favorite with Colonel Roosevelt and something of a privileged character. "The kid" has reached New York, "outfit" and all. His sword is of the kind usually worn by toy soldiers. He gravely informed me that it was being repaired, but his belt was much in evidence.

The disparity, too, in what is euphemistically termed "social position" in this regiment has never existed in any other. Sergeant Gutelius, of Troop I, is a mine-owner in New Mexico; the color-sergeant of the regiment inscribed himself at the Waldorf-Astoria. About the time the theatres were over, when women in demi-toilette, men in evening-dress, and all that, were entering the hotel, in wandered three rough riders. One of them was the Apache, the other two the typical rough riders. They strolled leisurely through the corridors and halted first at the entrance to the restaurant. At least 500 men and women were seated there, eating their late evening meal. The Apache was the only one unarmed; one had a small flag about his neck; all had their hats tied down behind on their heads with shoestrings. It was a curiosity to see these two extremes meet as these men stood there and took in the proceedings. Apparently, neither of them seemed at all abashed; the Apache found the ceiling interesting, that was all. One man clutched the revolver in his holster, the other his bowie, but it was quite unconsciously done—merely a convenient place for the hand—while they stood at rest. Finally, when a diner at one of the tables, more courageous than his confrères, asked them to have something to eat, they merely shook their heads, the Apache let his eyes wander from the ceiling for a moment, and then they were off.

Of course Coney Island, of which every American has heard, was thoroughly explored. But, in the opinion of the best element in the rough riders, Coney is "a low-down place." But it did one good thing for an H Trooper. He found a girl down there who was a "darn good waltzer," and he had the first good dance since the war began. What was more, she wouldn't drink, didn't cuss, "but my! say, Mr. Mawson, I never did see a girl who could dance like her."

HARRY P. MAWSON.

A Soldier.

OUT of the virile North
The hale young hero came,
Dreaming, as he went forth,
The star-bright dream of fame.

He dinned no vaunting cries
To plague the spacious air,
But who looked in his eyes
Knew fear was stranger there.

He nursed no callous hate,
But in his open breast
A wondrous pity sate
For them that are oppressed.

To lift them from the mire
Of tyranny and shame,
This was his high desire,
His star-bright dream of fame;

To strike one sure blow,
And then, if need be, pass
Back to the mother-loam,
The sweet, enfolding grass.

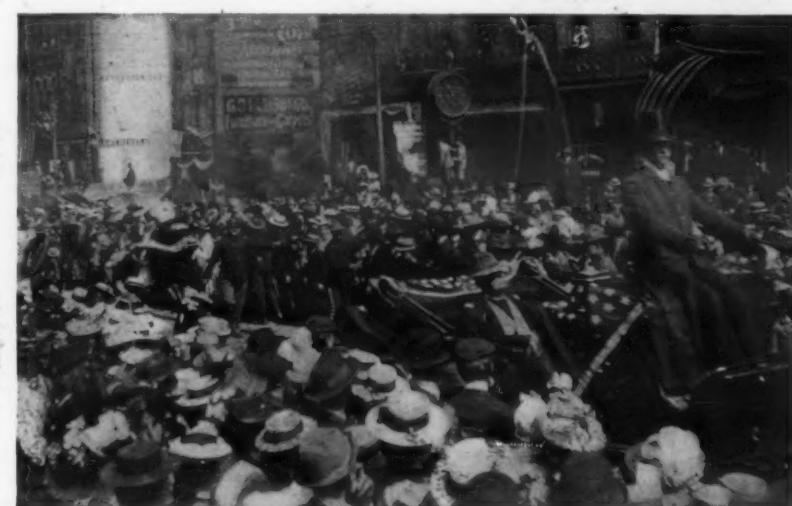
The long, clear bugle shrilled
Across the fervid heat;
Ah, how his brave soul filled,
And how his blithe heart beat!

Up, up the tangled slope,
Where stabbed the cactus-thorn,
He pressed with comrade hope
That cloudless Cuban morn.

He struck the one sure blow,
He won the guarded sleep,
Ere it was his to know
The quiet house of sleep.

And those that gazed upon
His form, and named his name,
Saw on his face still shone
The star-bright dream of fame.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.



Photograph by Hester A. Getz.
Lieutenant-Colonel Haskell, who was in command of the Seventeenth Regiment, of Columbus, Ohio, during the fight at El Caney, was shot three times, and lay on the battle-field twelve hours. He rode at the head of the regiment on their march down High Street, Columbus, recently, and from excitement and his wounds died at five o'clock the same day.



THE ROUGH RIDERS TURNED LOOSE IN NEW YORK CITY—CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN THE HOFFMAN HOUSE CAFÉ.



WATCHING A ROUGH RIDER MOUNT HIS HORSE, AFTER THE AUCTION SALE OF HORSES.



CROWD AT THE SALE OF THE ROOSEVELT'S HORSES

ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS

THEY HAVE A HILARIOUS WELCOME, AND ACCEPT THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY—MUCH



TAKING A "TIRED" ROUGH RIDER HOME.



UNEXPECTED TARGET-PRACTICE IN A NEW YORK CAFÉ.



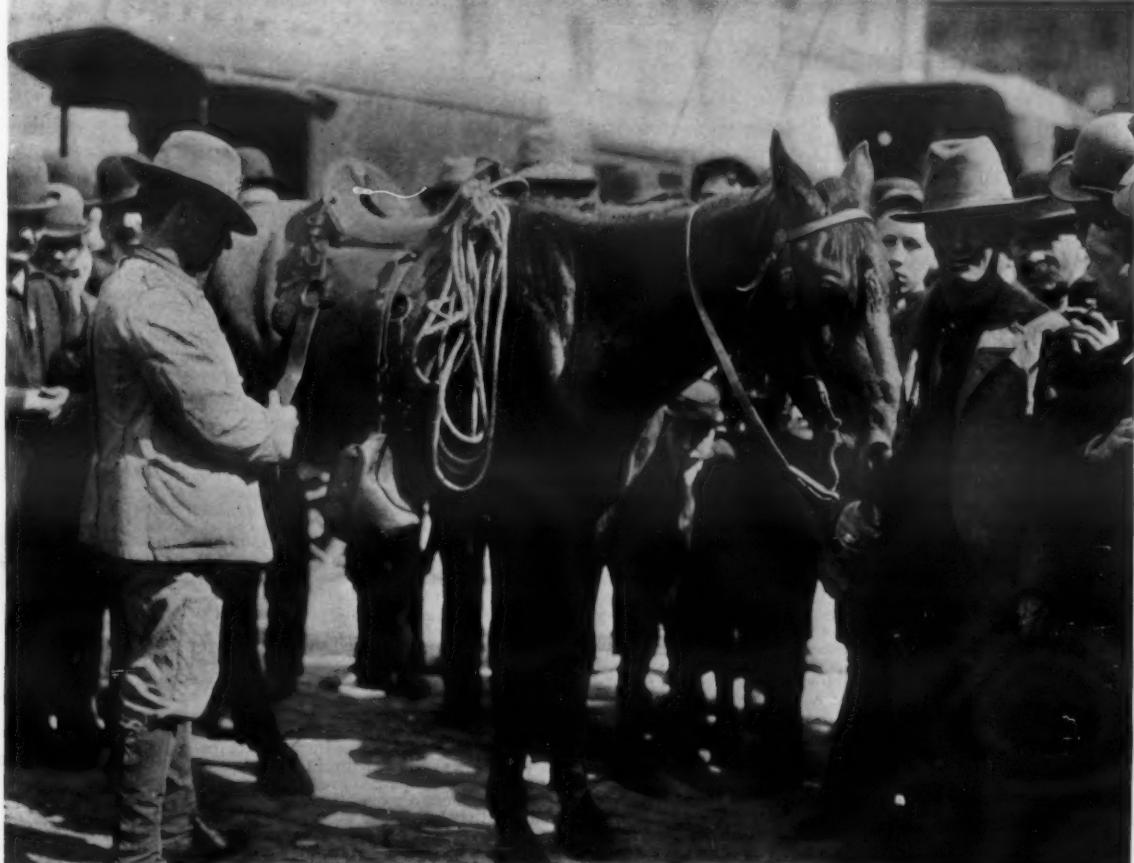
ROUGH RIDERS DISCUSSING THE AUCTION SALE OF THEIR HORSES—THOMAS DARNELL, TROOP H, THE CHAMPION "BRONCO BUSTER," AT THE EXTREME LEFT OF PICTURE.



ROUGH RIDERS' HORSES—EXHIBITING THE ANIMALS.

RIDERS CAPTURE NEW YORK.

THE "Y"—MUCH INTEREST IN THE AUCTION SALE OF THEIR HORSES.—[SEE PAGE 287.]



A ROUGH RIDER SADDLING HIS HORSE, AFTER HE HAD PURCHASED IT AT THE SALE.

STORIES OF THE WAR—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES RELATED.

Our recently published request for the personal experiences of soldiers and sailors in the war with Cuba has resulted in the reception of a number of interesting communications, some of which we have been able to utilize. Of course it would be impossible to find room for the ordinary experiences of every soldier in the camp or on the field of battle. In publication like *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, space can only be given to the recital of stories of special interest, and in the selection of these judgment and discrimination must be exercised. No doubt every soldier believes that his own experiences were among the most notable but it is obvious that the general public is more greatly interested in some of the peculiar, unique, or more exciting incidents possessing special significance. For the publication of such narratives, this department is specially intended. In many instances we find room for only a short part of a soldier's narrative—that part which seems to be most noteworthy, by reason of some new fact, incident, or revelation which it embraces.—EDITOR *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*.

Close Shave of a Corporal.

ALFRED BUTCHER, a corporal in Company B, Second United States Infantry, who enlisted in Helena, Montana, was in the fight before Santiago, was taken sick, and brought to New York on the hospital ship *Relief*. He thus describes the narrow escape he had on the battle-field from bullets, and, after the battle, from an acute attack of a tropical disease:

Well, people can howl for war all they please, but after they have seen it I don't think they are so anxious about it. It is horrible to see men falling all around you, torn in all sorts of shapes by bullets and shell and shrapnel. I wish you could have seen us go up that hill at San Juan. Say, but we went up that hill like a lot of devils turned loose. You lose all feeling; you fear nothing; all you think about is getting a shot at the Spaniards. The only time I was afraid was on the morning of the fight, when we were marching up to take our place on the left of the fighting-line, where men were falling right and left, and you couldn't see where the firing was coming from. My bunkie, my tent-mate, was shot in the shoulder when we were a mile from where the fighting was going on. Then, as we were marching on, the man in front of me was shot through the fleshy part of the eyebrow by a piece of shell. When we were a quarter of a mile from our place in line one of our men had a ball go through his haversack and just graze his leg. He kept right on with us.

Going up the hill on that charge of San Juan I felt something hit me in the left breast and I thought I was gone up, sure. I tore open my blue shirt, but saw no hole and no blood, and then started on again, when I felt something hit me on the right side. I looked down and, there were three of the thimbles of my belt just cut off as clean as if it had been done with a knife. After we took the hill I examined my breast again and found that the ball had passed through my shirt-pocket, where I had extra ammunition. It dented four of the cartridges so that they could not be used at all. So I think God was watching over me pretty closely, and I thanked Him for it, too.

It seemed strange to me, after the battle was over the first day, how a man could go into battle and not fear death, or even think about it. All you think about is whipping the enemy and getting their position. On the 2d we entrenched ourselves in a sunken road on the hill we had taken, and didn't do a thing but hold it and take more ground from them, too. They made a night attack on us that night, but we drove them off in no time. On the same night about twelve o'clock I was taken with cramps in my bowels. I thought it was because we had had nothing to eat since the night of the 30th. In the morning I was worse, but about ten o'clock got a little better, but could not stand up. At 4 p. m. I was taken again with cramps and kept getting worse. The captain had me carried down to the hospital. When I reached there my stomach was all bloated. The doctor said I had appendicitis. They were going to operate on me, when a man was brought in whose leg had to be taken off, so they left me until later. They kept putting it off, and on the 14th they sent me down to Siboney to go on board of the hospital ship, as I was beginning to get better. Well, it was a drive of eleven miles from the hospital to the ship and awful rough, and it shook me up so that I got worse. When I got aboard of the ship the doctor shook his head, but did not say anything. Yesterday evening he said I would come out all right.

A Yankee Jack-tar's Story.

IT IS THE TALE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET—THE GLORIOUS TALE THAT CANNOT BE TOLD TOO OFTEN.

MANY years ago one of the bright contributors to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* was a young lady who has since removed from New York to California. Her son, who was born the week that Frank Leslie died, was named in honor of the founder of this publication, and is now on the famous battle-ship *Oregon*, having made the journey with it from the Pacific coast "around the Horn." His mother sends us the following graphic description of the battle of Santiago Bay. It embraces some new and interesting details of the grandest achievement of the American navy, and is a story that cannot be read too often.

UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "OREGON,"

SANTIAGO, July 5th, 1898.

DEAR MOTHER.—We have covered ourselves with glory. We have "fought the good fight" and annihilated the Spanish fleet. On the morning of the 3d instant, at 9:30 o'clock sharp, the Spanish fleet of four armored cruisers and three torpedo-boat destroyers ventured out of the harbor. I was on watch at the time and the signal quartermaster ran up the bridge, crying, "Spanish ship coming out of the harbor." The officer of the deck laughed, and said, "That's not Cervera's move." I raised my glasses and saw two smoke-stacks and a military-mast appearing behind the hills inside the channel. In another moment I saw the ship coming out, having turned around, and followed by another. The officer of the deck ordered the alarm sounded. I pressed the electric button, and instantly the gongs were ringing. We blew three whistles and hoisted the signal, "The enemy approaching," and fired a six-pounder gun. As soon as I was relieved from signal-watch and was making for my turret, the *Vizcaya* was just poking her nose out of the harbor.

Just a few minutes before this exciting movement the flagship had made the signal, "Disregard the movements of the commander-in-chief." The flag-ship was then five miles down the coast, the *Massachusetts* was coaling at Guantanamo, so it left the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *Texas*, and *Indiana* to deal with the enemy. In a moment we were off and pouring shell into Cervera's fleet. The torpedo-boats could not stand our deadly fire. Two of them were beached while on fire, and afterward sunk. The third boat was struck square in the centre by the *Oregon's* after starboard six-inch gun. She broke in two and immediately sank in deep water. At this time the battle raged fierce, and shells were singing all around us, throwing clouds of water over the deck, but not a shot touching us.

Every time the smoke cleared sufficiently to see a Spanish ship our guns belched out, and then all was enveloped in smoke again. After we had gone about five miles from the entrance of Santiago harbor the smoke cleared away and revealed two of the cruisers on fire and making for the beach—the *Maria Teresa* and *Almirante Oquendo*. The *Vizcaya* and *Cristobal Colon* were far ahead, going for all they were worth. The *Oregon* crossed the *Iowa's* bow and forged ahead under forced draught. Before the *Vizcaya* was five miles further she was seen to make for the beach, with fire and smoke pouring from every point, proclaiming her doom.

I heard cheers from the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn*, and knew at once that another one was done for. Shortly afterward she blew up. At this time the *Cristobal Colon* was about ten miles ahead of us, and there was fear that she had escaped us entirely. The *Brooklyn* signaled, "One of my little compartments is full of water." Now, the *Brooklyn's* speed was twenty-one and one-half knots on her trial-trip, but she could only make seventeen knots in her disabled condition; but, thanks to the *Oregon's* speed, the rest of the ships were soon lost to view. We began to beat our trial-trip and keep up to the *Brooklyn*. The distance between us and the *Colon* was rapidly decreasing. Very soon our thirteen-inch guns were within range. When those 1,100-pound shells began to strike around her Cervera's heart must have come up into his mouth. At one o'clock and fourteen minutes she struck her colors and ran up on a soft spot on the beach.

In less than four hours the fleet was destroyed that caused us so much fear and anxiety while sailing around the Horn. When we neared the prize the *Brooklyn*—or, rather, Commodore Schley—signaled, "Congratulations for the grand victory. Thanks for your splendid assistance." Well, we took the Spanish crew prisoners, and put them on board the *Resolute*, that arrived later. The *New York* saved those that were left from the other ships—those that the Cubans did not massacre. The *Cristobal Colon*, they say, looked like a house somebody had moved out of—everything scattered around, the breech-plugs taken from the guns and heaved overboard. Everything was destroyed that was capable of destruction. To complete the work they sunk her as far as possible. We tried to save her, but could not. She listed over on one side, and we had to abandon her. No doubt she will be raised in time, as well as some, if not all, of the others. The *Colon* had received an eight-inch shot right through her stern, and a few six-pounder shells had done their work on the deck. There was nothing materially damaged. There was one killed and three wounded on board of her. We have the wounded on board of the *Oregon* now. The *Oregon* was struck twice—the starboard after eight-inch turret had a little paint taken off and a big spar broken on the forecastle—not a soul hurt. The *Brooklyn* had one killed and two wounded. The *Texas* had a man fall down an ammunition hoist, receiving severe injuries. I know of no more.

We came back here the morning of the Fourth. We must have chased the *Cristobal Colon* about fifty miles, as it took about four hours, running at thirteen knots, to reach here, Santiago. We had supposed that Hobson had completely corked the harbor, but such was not the case. His ship was out of the channel completely, up in shallow water and lying up the channel instead of across it. The Spanish have adopted the same scheme and sunk a vessel last night that will keep us out of the harbor. The army is doing good work on shore. An English officer who saw the army in battle said that it was the grandest sight he had ever seen—the way our men fought; they were falling all around, and still forging ahead. They say the Spanish trenches are full of dead, and still the battle rages and no surrender.

When Commodore Schley passed our ship on his way to the *Colon* he signaled, "The *Oregon* did it all." We have Commodore Watson aboard now. He came yesterday. Captain Evans, of the *Iowa*, said, "It was a beautiful sight to see the *Oregon* plowing her nose in the water, and all her guns firing. After she had passed nothing could be seen but a cloud of smoke." We captured a pig, a dog, a cat, and some chickens from the *Cristobal Colon*. There were three cows aboard of her when she sank, and still they say they were starving. One of our men wrote the following lines about the Spanish dog:

"I used to belong to the *Cristobal Colon*,
But now I belong to the *Oregon*.
I am full and have plenty and live at ease,
Don't call me a dago, if you please."

One of the boys was smoking one of Cervera's cigars, and another boy asked him if he thought he was Cervera, and he answered, "Oh, not Cervera much." With love to all, your affectionate son,

FRANK LESLIE BAYLEY.

How the Seventy-First Fought Like Tigers at El Caney.

SERGEANT WILLIAM B. SHEPPARD, of Company M, Seventy-first New York Volunteers, tells a very interesting story of the battle of El Caney, in which he was wounded, and in which his regiment displayed great bravery. He says:

At 2 a. m. Friday, July 1st, the bugle blew reveille, and in fifteen minutes we were marching down the narrow roads toward Santiago. We soon heard the guns of Capron's battery opening the battle of El Caney, which was fought by the second division of the army, the Seventy-first being in the first division. We marched on toward San Juan. By 8 a. m. the bullets were flying around us, but not a man flinched. It seemed wonderful that men taken from comfortable homes, offices and colleges, and all the trades, such as the Seventy-first comprised, of whom at least ninety-five per cent. had never been under fire, showed no concern whatever at the shells or bullets, but kept in good order, and obeyed all commands promptly.

In one case, a bullet just flew by one fellow's head, not missing him very far. He looked in the direction it had gone, whistled for it, saying, "Come here, Pete; I want you." Five seconds had not passed when he was shot through the knee. Another, as a shell passed over our heads and burst close by, said, "Gee! those dagoes put powder in their foot balls; we can't play with them." Soon we came in sight of San Juan and the fort on the hill. The fight was raging fiercely, so over the field we went, and up steep San Juan, which had just been taken by our boys. The dead and dying were on all sides, but no groans from the wounded did I hear. Such grit was never seen on a battle-field. The regiment was divided then, one battalion going on the extreme left, one to centre in and around the fort, and my battalion was on the extreme right. When we got on the right two guns of Grimes's battery were there, trying to load, but the fire of the Spanish sharpshooters would not permit it without the loss of one or two artillermen every time they attempted to load. The captain of my company was placed in command of the battalion, our second lieutenant commanding the company. The captain of the battery wanted to withdraw his guns, but could not on account of the heavy Spanish fire, and asked our captain if he would advance and charge over the hill and take the Spanish fire until he could withdraw his guns. Companies F and M advanced at the charge over the hill for about 300 yards, when we came to a barbed-wire fence. Here we were ordered to lie down and commence firing.

As soon as the smoke of our Springfields was seen by the Spaniards they concentrated their entire fire on us. Some regulars, who had attached themselves to our company and who were in the midst of the charge up San Juan hill, said that it

was the hottest place they were ever in. Mauser bullets cut the grass all around my face. One struck my hat, another struck the ground directly under my face, and threw the sand in my eyes so I could not fire for a minute or two. The man at my right was shot in the chest, the ball passing through his whole body, coming out at the knee. He rolled over, called my name, and said, "I guess I'm done for!" I turned on my left side to speak to him. As I did so I got one in the hip. I called out to him that I could keep him company, but he was dead.

The order came to retire, as our captain saw how fast his men were falling, so the two companies came off in good order, and brought off all the dead and wounded with them in a perfect hail-storm of Mauser bullets. Our officers showed great bravery, as they walked erect throughout the fighting, keeping the men cool and calm, and yet not one was struck. We were on the firing-line exactly twelve minutes, and both companies lost, in killed and wounded, thirty-eight men; but the battery was withdrawn without the loss of a man. The object was accomplished, but what of the sacrifice?

I started back for the hospital to have my wound attended to. The road was full of wounded, and now and then one poor fellow would drop, shot again by the deadly sharpshooter hidden in some tree. It made one's blood boil to see such barbarous warfare. Along that dreary road as we plodded on (I was able to walk, not being wounded badly), until we came to the first emergency hospital, on the bank of San Juan River, a small stream about fifteen feet wide. Some poor fellow, wounded in the chest, asked for treatment, showing his wound at the time. The doctor said he had all he could attend to for three days; told him to go on to the general hospital. This meant a three-mile walk further on, so without a murmur the wounded men started on. The signs of pain were on their faces, but not a word of complaint or a groan did they utter. At last they came to the division hospital, which was crowded to overflowing, to find out that only the severe cases were handled, and that every one able to walk had to go to Siboney, eight miles further on. A surgeon would pick out the men he thought were bad cases, and lots that he told to walk on looked to me as very bad. On they went toward Siboney, with no murmur of complaint. It was pitiful to see wounded men walking so far before receiving attention. I attended to my own wound that night, and slept with some guards near Shafter's headquarters. They treated me like a brother, and my wound was well enough in two days, so I reported back to my company.

Life on the "Oregon."

THE STRANGE, TRUE TALE OF HER PET PIG "BLANCO," NOW ACCOMPANYING THE "IOWA'S" MASCOT "BILLY" TO THE FAR EAST.

(See Photographs on Page 284.)

LIFE in the berth-deck of the United States first class steamship *Oregon*, which has been so much admired in dry-dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, would not be what it is without Blanco. Of the thousands of Uncle Sam's patriotic sons and daughters who follow the fleet through the pages of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* and out of the navy yard to strange seas and foreign climes, none can have failed to admire this magnificent craft, whose record for long-distance voyaging has no equal in the world. Already the champion long-distance battle-ship of the world is repeating her wonderful journey, the voyage from New York through the Straits of Magellan to Honolulu, the capital of our new territory of Hawaii, being 13,188 miles. This time she is not to go alone, the first-class battle-ship *Iowa* accompanying her. When the *Oregon* made her famous dash down the Pacific coast from San Francisco last spring, through the straits and up the Atlantic coast to Cuban waters, she sailed some 2,000 miles less.

As she came out of the dry-dock in her new coat of paint, her bottom scraped clean of the marine growths that had gathered there in the West Indies, the *Oregon* seemed to swell with pride. She has a peculiarly fit look for a great mass of steel 348 feet long, with side-armour eighteen inches thick. The *Oregon's* actual capacity of steaming 16,000 knots without completely emptying her coal-bunkers would even enable her at ten knots per hour to steam all the way to Honolulu were it necessary. There will be many new officers on the *Oregon* as she makes this long voyage. But among her crew there'll be an even more interesting new-comer. He is Blanco, the pig, captured *vi et armis* from the *Cristobal Colon* on Sunday, July 3d. And he is the hero of the picture herewith printed—although he doesn't show in it—of "Visitors on the *Oregon*."

Among the enthusiastic patriots caught by the instantaneous camera of our artist, a lady is depicted in the act of solacing with balm from her ruby lips a wound upon her thumb made by no less a personage than this same Blanco. This was the way it came about: Private Albert Turner stood by the forward companion-way, straight as a pike-staff, tidy as Uncle Sam's marines know how to be. The ladies who thronged toward him over the main deck of the *Oregon* could not help admiring his soldierly bearing. For he was the captain's orderly, on special duty, and not displeased with his job.

"Has the *Oregon* a mascot, like the *Iowa's* goat, and the *New York's* cat, and the *Brooklyn's* goat?" asked a small boy.

"She has," replied Orderly Turner, "and a finer pig than Blanco doesn't grunt." With that he called Able-seaman Gratz, who is Blanco's special protector and claims him by right of conquest. Leading the party down to the berth-deck, Gratz told them his story:

"It must have been about five o'clock of that Sunday afternoon, July 3d, that we finally got aboard of the *Colon*. We'd followed her, you know, in her flight of some sixty miles along the Cuban coast, and all the way from the mouth of Santiago harbor we'd crowded her for all we were worth. She'd made a game fight—or flight—of it, and we were glad when it was over. She was the last of Cervera's fated fleet.

"I was glad enough, you may be sure, when I was ordered to go aboard of her with our boarding party. She was a sight, with her smoking sides, her bent and twisted beams, and her decks cluttered up with swords, cartridge-belts, guns, coats, shoes, pistols, thrown aside by the crew and officers when they went overboard to take their chances with the sharks and the insurgents.

"Well, right forward there on the fo'c'sle was a whole menagerie of animals—five cows, one dog, one pig, and four cats, all half and hearty as you please. We let the cattle swim ashore, cutting loose their halters, and when it came time to row back to the *Oregon* I just grabbed the pig—he is, you see, black all over and sleek as can be—and dropped him in my boat. I've taken care of him ever since.

"Look sharp there, ma'am; he might nip you, though I've never known him to be up to mischief. Eat? Oh, yes; same

as we do, at meal-times. And everything he can get—hardtack, salt-horse, potatoes, coffee, macaroni, and beans. We're all proud of Blanco—there, did he bite you? I'm sorry, indeed, ma'am; I'll dock his rations for that. Hope it's not serious. No? Just broke the skin? Very well, thanke'e, ma'am. Blanco, you black brute!—you see he hasn't got a white hair on him, ma'am—you'll get no beer at mess-gear this day, and that's sure."

JOHN PAUL BOOCOCK.

A Snap-shot at Porto Rico.

HOW OUR NEW COLONY IMPRESSES ONE AT FIRST SIGHT—AMUSING EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN—RICHNESS OF THE LAND AND CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

PONCE, September 5th, 1898.—When we sailed into the bay and harbor of Ponce, South Porto Rico, in the middle of August, we might have been entering a busy American port. With the exception of the great cruiser *Columbia* and two heavy monitors, the scene was one of peace and busy commerce. There were the sierra-like hills, as green and spring-like as when first espied by Columbus and the romantic pioneers of Spain. Ponce and its *playa*, or harbor, in the very name recall the famed conqueror of Porto Rico, Don Juan Ponce de Leon, who in 1508-9 began the colony and founded the town of Caparra.

"What are those strange trees?" asked my friend, as we stood on the deck of the *Chester*.

"They are the palms of the tropics, the queen-trees of Porto Rico," answered a traveler.

The natives came out in their barges, which the soldiers had dubbed "bum-boats," and besought our suffrages. They spoke of their "bum-boats" with pride, and evidently thought the adjective complimentary. We landed at the little pier in front of General Miles's headquarters—a fine building which had formerly been the custom-house and post-office. Horses were standing around a great green tree on the wide street; darkies were diving and swimming in the sea, their lithe backs gleaming like polished mahogany; men were being landed from the *Aransas*; mules were being lowered from the *Chester*, their aerial struggles adding to the general gayety of a war which seemed to be enjoyable to all concerned, with the exception of the Spanish soldiers, none of whom were in sight.

Our new possession has some features quite unlike the old continent which we control. The first thing that interested me was the long train of bullock-carts, which are being used by the government for the transportation of supplies, and which are used by the Porto Ricans to carry the sugar and rum to the market. These patient beasts are badly treated by the drivers. A goad is used, tipped with steel and iron spikes an inch and a half long. The American soldiers were shocked at the way the natives thrust this cruel implement into the ox, and then turn the goad in their hand. I stopped one man whose ox was bleeding and around whose team others were crowded. He made a pantomime to say to me that the Spaniards beat and cut the oxen with machetes. "And what better are you?" says I, using the same language of pantomime.

The road from the *playa* to the city of Ponce is two miles and is a macadamized highway, flanked by houses, homes, and huts. Here, also, ripe the bananas and the cocoanuts, and the grapes grow purple in the constant sun. We notice the inhabitants are, quite largely, a sort of negro, with some Spanish blood; then there are mulattoes, and, higher still, full-blooded Spaniards born on the island. The Porto Rican negro is shrewder than the American variety, and has some hard common sense, but one can't help seeing that the nearer you come to the full-blooded Spaniard the finer man and better citizen you find.

The soil around Ponce is extremely fertile and sells for from thirty to a hundred dollars an acre. A mile from the city, where the First Regiment, United States Volunteer Engineers, were encamped, we took pictures of the men making a drain. It was twenty feet deep, and they had not reached the bottom of the loam. Anything will grow. Rice, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and all the fruits and flowers of the tropics ripen here the whole year round. There seems to be no wheat grown, and I was told the climate is too warm for it. But the cattle are famous; bullocks, oxen, horses thrive in great abundance, and sheep are large and fat, but without much wool.

The city of Ponce is next to San Juan in importance. It has, with its outskirts, a population of 50,000. Not a bad sort of place to live, nestled at the foot of the foot-hills, the sea-breezes playing across the sunburnt face of it, and the great roads leading away into the fertile valleys that lie fold on fold till you get to Aibonito on the one hand and Adjuntas on the other. The country on toward Arroyo and Guayama is the same—nature bursting into the freshest of vegetation, sunshine and shadow dancing hand in hand through a perpetual springtime.

In Ponce you have good streets, imperfect sanitation, though not so bad as it might be, a splendid chance for pure city water by the aqueduct running in from the mountains, and some fine buildings. Among the latter are the theatre, the asylum for women, the hospital, and the national guard building. There is also some excellent society in the southern towns, such as the family and friends of the MacFarlands, the large planters at Guayama, at whose hacienda the troops had to guard thirty thousand dollars' worth of coffee, sugar, and rum; the Armstrongs, of Ponce, and Mr. Robert Graham, the rich and benevolent manufacturer of the same city.

At the reception given to General Miles by the citizens, our young American officers were bewildered by beauty, "and bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men." The Porto Ricans have taken very quickly and kindly to American occupation. Some have been so quick in changing that their conversion may be doubted. For instance, the editor of *La Nueva Era*, a small, ill-printed daily, which purports to be a journal of news, travel, science, literature, and freedom, was only a few weeks ago raving at the "American pigs," while now he luxuriates under the eagle's aegis, and writes eulogies upon Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, and William McKinley. Nor is he alone in his devotion to the American idea. The small boy curses his neighbor by calling him "Un Espaniol," and treats you with disdain if you suggest that he is

simply a poor Porto Rican. "No, no," he says, pointing to himself, "no Espaniol, Porto Rican Americano." His motives are not, however, always of the cleanest, for the boys have learned a trick of saying to the passing Yankee, "Viva America," and then putting up the forefinger with this half-asked question, "One-cent?" Will you give him a cent for his patriotism? You think he needs some more lessons in that great passion.

The Americans are at their old business of spoiling the natives. They are paying two and three prices and no end of tips. All the towns of Porto Rico have a plaza, or green square, set with walks and shrubbery, and the "Plaza Delicias," at Ponce, is very pretty. It has an old church with dim lights and some pictures. Then there is a somewhat ambitious structure called the Fire Department. But a building of real worth and beauty is the dainty pagoda, which is an arched structure of wood, done in the delicate Moorish style, and reminding us that here we are still dealing with ideas belonging to Sevilla, Cordova, and the Alhambra. In this place are sold lemonades and ice-creams of small size and big price. General Miles closed up all the saloons, and it was days before we could even get "soft drinks."

After a walk in the plaza and through the shops, where the soldiers are buying curiosities with the same avidity which their mothers, sisters, and sweethearts display at the same amusing and expensive pastime in Paris, it was good to get back to the Hotel Washington, which is also the Café Colon. It did not take the wise landlord long to find out that American history presented great names as well as that of Spain. Accordingly, somewhere between the first and the middle of August, the place which had honored Columbus so long, put his name over the beer department, but up stairs, where the well-paying American took his meals in the daytime and fought mosquitoes in the night, no name was good enough save that of the father of American liberties. The señor who kept the Hotel Washington was a combination of shrewdness, cordiality, selfishness, and deceit. He was a walking wine cask, and no doubt the señores had to have a long chapter of patience. Besides the ordinary Porto Rican waiters, who smoke cigarettes while they bring your food, and never think of bringing you anything you do not definitely ask for, there was a little tot of a girl ten years old, serving as waitress, and a black man, Fernando, who had lived in New York, and now acted as interpreter. Fernando was a gawky boy, never smiled, and lied unceasingly, like a tombstone. In addition to those precious characters, there were in the hotel as pets, a dog, a rooster, who thought the sun rose to hear him crow, a weasel, two ring-doves, a parrot, a mockingbird, and several other of the fauna of the island.

The place was crowded with American officers, and Mr. Hanna, the American consul of San Juan, was also there. It was hard to get a room. But we fixed on one with no mosquito-netting. Fernando declared there were no mosquitoes in Porto Rico. I had retired about ten minutes, when my head was as swelled as that of any second lieutenant in the army. Next day I took young Fernando by the throat: "You young villain, you said there were no mosquitoes here. Look at my face. I am thirsting for blood." Fernando turned up the whites of his eyes in wild surprise. He looked at the blotches and then said, very calmly and solemnly, "Them ain't mothquitos, boss; them's fleas." We went away for a few days and made arrangements with Fernando to keep our room for us. When we came back I learned from a correspondent that two and three people had been put in it every night. I then asked Fernando if he had kept the room. "Ci, señor; your room's just there right where you left it; it's in just the thame place." Fernando was not easy to beat. We rallied him on the household pets, and asked what use a weasel was. "Oh, he's very useful, señor; he killed a chicken yesterday."

While the Porto Ricans display their share of worldly wisdom, and the Spaniards are little better, there are instances where the true man speaks. Thus, in talking with a leading merchant of Ponce, I asked him if the people were really so delighted with the new régime. "Well, frankly, no," he replied; "the mass will welcome any change, but it is quite a question whether we shall gain by annexation to the United States. I have lived in America. Now the Spaniards taxed us heavily, but when they got their money they went off and let us alone. The custom-house officers stole nearly everything from the government. But then we have yet to see whether American custom-house officers are any more honest. I hear things about them that lead me to have grave doubts. Spain knew us and we knew Spain; there were few complaints. The soldiers paid for what they got, and always maintained perfect discipline. Then the money question is going to be bad for many of us here. We shall suffer dreadfully if the American government makes our dollar worth only fifty cents. It may result in good, this annexation, but we have cause for many fears." The man who uttered these words is a highly respected citizen, and speaks English well, and understands America as well as Spain.

While we were looking over the town we came upon the jail, where there are about 160 Spanish prisoners. Many of these men were selling their chevrons, buttons, and other marks of rank with an alacrity worthy of a better cause. One of our party, however, experienced a chill when, upon asking one of the prisoners how much he would sell his chevrons for, he got this reply: "No, por el dinero en globo"—"Not for all the money on earth."

PETER MACQUEEN.

Financial—The B. & O. Combination.
THE report that a wealthy Western syndicate, made up of Philip D. Armour and other men of his high character and superior business ability, has secured control of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and that, in connection with the Great Northern, it will be used for a through line from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific, was one of those sensational developments that occasionally magnetize Wall Street. The market has been in precisely the condition in which it would most readily respond to such a stimulant as this, and it is not surprising that railroads involved in the gigantic deal were favorably affected.

It is always in the power of astute and wealthy men, at such a time, to bring about reorganizations, combinations, and alliances which will give them an opportunity to secure handsome

profits both from the speculative and investment side. Such an alliance as the Baltimore and Ohio is reported to have made would mean acute competition between Western and Eastern railroad interests, and would involve a formidable rivalry to the Vanderbilt system. I have no doubt that other combinations are on the tapis. The Vanderbilts started in this line of business a few months ago, and I said, at the time, that the consolidation of the New York Central and Lake Shore no doubt would pave the way for other alliance of equal interests.

Perhaps we shall next have something affecting the Gould lines that will influence such stagnated stocks as Wabash and Missouri Pacific. Insiders always have an advantage, of course, when such deals are arranged for, but outsiders occasionally come in for some of the fat pickings. The alliance between the Westinghouse and the Walker Electric Company has been another good thing for the insiders, and, incidentally, it has had an influence on American Air Brake, which has jumped from forty to more than par within the past twelve months. These erratic changes in the stock-market are like the prizes in a lottery, and they do more to make the public crazy over stock speculation than anything else possibly could.

"R." Portland, Maine, says: "I have profited by your suggestion regarding the purchase of Consolidated Ice common, and I have confirmation of your opinion of it from statements made by parties in this vicinity who are interested largely in the stock. What is your opinion of Brooklyn Rapid Transit?" I think, at present prices, I would still prefer to buy Consolidated Ice at the market price to Brooklyn Rapid Transit. The former pays a dividend, the latter has not paid one as yet.

"L. G." Austin, Texas: I agree with you that the stock-market has largely discounted the anticipated prosperity of the near future, and that a lower range of prices must be reached before a marked advance can be expected.

"Widow." Little Rock, Arkansas: If the Baltimore and Ohio should absorb the Chicago and Great Western, the effect on the securities of the latter would of course be stimulating. There are other roads, however, available for the missing link required between Chicago and St. Paul for the new Baltimore and Ohio and Great Northern combination. Nor must it be forgotten that the St. Paul can be included in the new combination, if Mr. Armour consents. He is interested in the new Baltimore and Ohio deal, and is a directing mind in St. Paul.

"G." Montreal: No one can safely predict the future of the industries. The American Tobacco Company is absorbing its rivals and reaching out into new fields. This accounts for its strength. The weakness of Leather may be due to the organization of another large leather company, with a capital of \$1,250,000. The rivalry in the industrial field is obviously much more acute and dangerous than it is in the railroad field, because manufacturing enterprises require comparatively little capital, while railroad building means the investment of a large amount and the overcoming of serious obstacles in securing the right of way and other necessary privileges.

"G." Buffalo, New York: I cannot advise the purchase of the Standard Rope and Twine, because little information regarding it can be gathered. There is every evidence that an effort has been made to market the stock, but whether there is anything substantial behind the rumors of an advance I am not prepared to say. Its earnings, so far as they have been printed, do not warrant an advance.

"A." Louisville and Nashville: Louisville and Nashville is altogether too speculative to make me feel like recommending it as an investment. Insiders alone can tell whether it will pay its dividend or not. Its wide fluctuations reveal its speculative character. Southern preferred, at the present price, has many friends, but my impression is that the entire market is liable to fall away before election. Burlington, at 115, is the best thing you mention, but I do not advise the purchase of any stocks at present.

"W. H. H." Philadelphia: The earnings of Kansas City Suburban during the past year have shown a very healthy and considerable increase. I hardly think it would be advisable to part with the bonds at present unless a good price can be obtained with an opportunity for better investment elsewhere.

"B. B." Saratoga Spa, New York: I would sell as soon as you can.

"H. J." St. Paul, Minnesota: The bonds are good, and the statement you quote is not honestly made. It is untrue in all respects.

"R. H." Petersburg, Virginia: Brooklyn Rapid Transit has never paid a dividend.

"A." New Haven, Connecticut: Not at the price you mention. It would yield you less than three per cent.

JASPER.

Life Insurance Hints.

I WISH it were possible for every reader of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* to have a copy of the instructive address of the Hon. John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, delivered before the national convention of insurance officials recently at Milwaukee. Life insurance is one of the most popular features of American life, and yet not one out of fifty who take a life-insurance policy really comprehends the nature of his contract. It is a curious fact that men who will not enter into an ordinary contract of any kind without carefully scrutinizing its terms and reaching a perfect understanding regarding its provisions do not hesitate to take out a life-insurance policy on the representations of an agent, and he often a stranger, without ever taking pains to read the policy before they attach their signatures to the contract—for a policy is nothing but a contract between the insured and the insurer. I presume that an application on the part of any reader for a copy of Mr. McCall's address would be honored by him, if the request were sent to the New York Life Insurance Company, New York City.

"G. W. D." Chicago, says he thinks favorably of a policy in the Independent Order of Foresters, the supreme court of which has recently raised the assessments. He asks if I think the new rates are sufficient to guarantee the expenses of this order for many years to come. I think the new rates may be sufficient for a few years to come, but not for many. The history of assessment insurance shows that with the increase of the age of the members there must be a constant and progressive increase of assessments. As assessments are increased, members drop out, and every reduction in the membership makes it necessary to increase the assessments on those who remain, until finally these become so oppressive that members will not pay them, and there is but one result from such a condition. My own choice has always been for one of the old-line companies in which a fixed premium is demanded at the outset. The insured is guaranteed that this premium will not be increased, and he is also assured that he will enjoy the benefit of the surplus earnings of his money. It is much more pleasant, I have found by my own personal experience, to have the annual premiums reduced by the payment of dividends as you grow older, rather than to have them increased by additional assessments. I have tried both plans of insurance, and I speak after the observation of many years.

"G." Perry, New York: The Safety Fund Insurance Society of Syracuse was formerly called the Knights of Sobriety, Fidelity and Integrity. It is a fraternal assessment order, doing a small business. Its future will depend upon the enterprise and honesty of its management. I do not see how it can escape an increase of assessments with the increase of the age of the insured. My own preference would be for one of the three greatest insurance companies in the world—the Mutual Life, the New York Life, or the Equitable, of New York City. (2) The American Fraternal Insurance Union, of Buffalo, is another fraternal order. It paid to its members in 1897, \$4,225, while it paid for "expenses of management" \$11,400. This is not a very encouraging exhibit, to say the least. I should much prefer an old-line company.

The Hermit.

DON'T BE CARELESS.

In these days of nursemaids the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is a great safeguard to the health of the little ones. It will not easily spoil, being perfectly sterilized in its manufacture.



GROUP OF THE ROUGH RIDERS' MASCOTS.



THREE REMARKABLE AND TYPICAL ROUGH RIDERS, EACH OVER SIX FEET TWO INCHES IN HEIGHT—THE COLOR-SERGEANT, THE MAN IN THE CENTRE, CARRIED THE STARS AND STRIPES THROUGH CUBA.



COLONEL ROOSEVELT DELIVERING HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS ROUGH RIDERS.



HOLLOW SQUARE FORMED BY ROUGH RIDERS AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE BRONCO BUSTER IN BRONZE TO COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

MUSTERING OUT OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

[SEE PAGE 287.]

WILLIAMS'

SHAVING STICK



This man has neglected to shave for several days. He dreads shaving now, but realizes how disgusting his appearance is, and feels mean and uncomfortable. He is much distressed.

He gives a sigh of relief. He remembers Williams' Shaving Stick. He applies the thick, creamy lather. His "stubby" beard immediately yields to its softening influence. His razor glides smoothly over his face. Shaving has lost its terrors.

"I OUGHT TO SHAVE."

Williams' Soaps
are for sale everywhere, but if your dealer does not supply you, we mail them—to any address—postpaid on receipt of price.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c.
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c.
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50c.
Jersey Cream (Toilet) Soap, 15c.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 Round Cakes, 1 lb., 40c.
Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 2c. stamp.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS' CO.
Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.
LONDON: 64 Gt. Russell St.
SYDNEY: 161 Clarence St.



"I WILL SHAVE."

"He is a new man." Feels at peace with all the world. His face is soft as velvet, and he experiences the soothing, refreshing sensations that every man does who uses Williams' Shaving Stick. See how happy he looks!

"I HAVE SHAVED."



See that Hole?

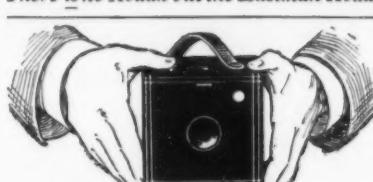


WHAT IS IT FOR?

The perfection of pens, slightly stiff, smooth points, durable, and uniform.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
450 Broome St., New York, N. Y.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak



Half the charm of a photographic outing is lost if one carries along several pounds of glass plates and holders and has every moment filled with anxiety for their safety.

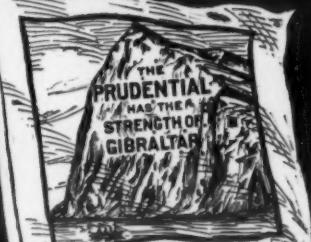
Kodaks
use non-breakable film cartridges, which weigh ounces where plates weigh pounds.

KODAKS \$5.00 to \$35.00.

Catalogues free at agencies or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

THE SIGNAL READS INSURE IN



THE PRUDENTIAL

LIFE INSURANCE for Men, Women & Children
ALL AGES...Amounts \$15 to \$50,000
Write for information

THE PRUDENTIAL
Insurance Company of America
John F. Dryden, Pres. Home Office: Newark, N.J.

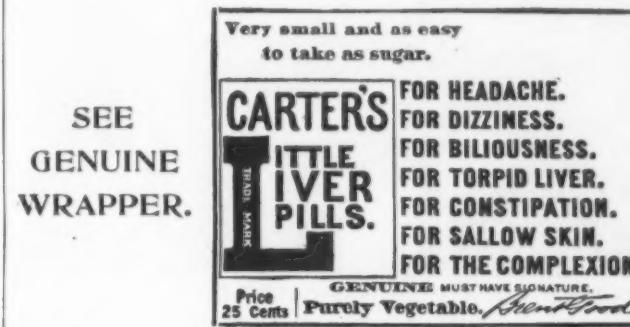
B. Altman & Co.
New York.

BLACK SILKS for Autumn, comprising Satin Mousseline, Moire Meteor, Satin Sultane, Taffeta Cravate, Satin Princier, Cashmere Meteor, Satin Sompouse, etc. Also VELVETS for Costumes and Wraps, Satin Soleil, Velour du Nord, English Corduroy and Velveteens.

WIESBADEN.
CELEBRATED SALINE SPRINGS 55° R.

Absolute Security

Genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Must Bear Signature of Brent Good.



"PRINTED ON RED PAPER."

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

A Patient of 74 Years Rescued from Imminent Death by

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

A Case Stated by Dr. E. C. Laird

Member of the North Carolina Medical Society, Member American Medical Association, and formerly Resident Physician at the Springs:

"Mr. —, aged 74, arrived at BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS in an exceedingly prostrate condition, exhibiting unmistakable symptoms of Bright's Disease, viz.: puffiness of the face, eyes suffused, impaired vision, breathing labored and distressed, heart involved, inability to take a recumbent position for any length of time, feet and legs so swollen that he could not wear his shoes, and Uræmic poison to such an extent that he was generally asleep when sitting in his chair. Examination of the Urine the day after his arrival, both chemical and microscopical, showed the presence of albumen, tube-casts, and epithelium, confirming the diagnosis of Bright's Disease. This situation, especially in view of his advanced years, seemed to preclude the possibility of benefit from any remedy. He was put, however, upon the water of Spring No. 2, which to my equal surprise and gratification, proved promptly and highly beneficial, and to such an extent that he rested comfortably in bed, which he had not been able to do for several months previous. His improvement, excepting an intermission at one time of a few days, was continuous and steady during a stay of twelve weeks at the Springs, and so rapid that when he left, not only had all symptoms of his trouble entirely disappeared, but he had gained largely in flesh, and possessed a healthful vigor by no means common to men of his years."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally. Pamphlets on application.

PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.



WINTER CURE.
GRAPE CURE.

Well-known Expert Physicians.
Choice Entertainments at the Kurhaus.

BEST CLIMATIC CONDITIONS.
From September 15th, daily, fresh Italian, Meranish and Rhineish Grapes.

Throughout the year, Bath and Drink Cures of all kinds; also all medicines of modern hygiene.

AGAINST: Rheumatism, Gout, Lameness, Neuralgia, Ischias, Diseases of Lungs, Dyspepsia, Stomach and Intestinal Troubles, etc.

ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS FREE.

MUNICIPAL KURVERWALTUNG.



EXTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—REMAINS BEING TAKEN IN.

REMAINS OF MISS WINNIE DAVIS LYING IN STATE IN THE BASEMENT OF ST PAUL'S CHURCH, RICHMOND.

THE LATE MISS WINNIE DAVIS.—PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS & SANDFORD.

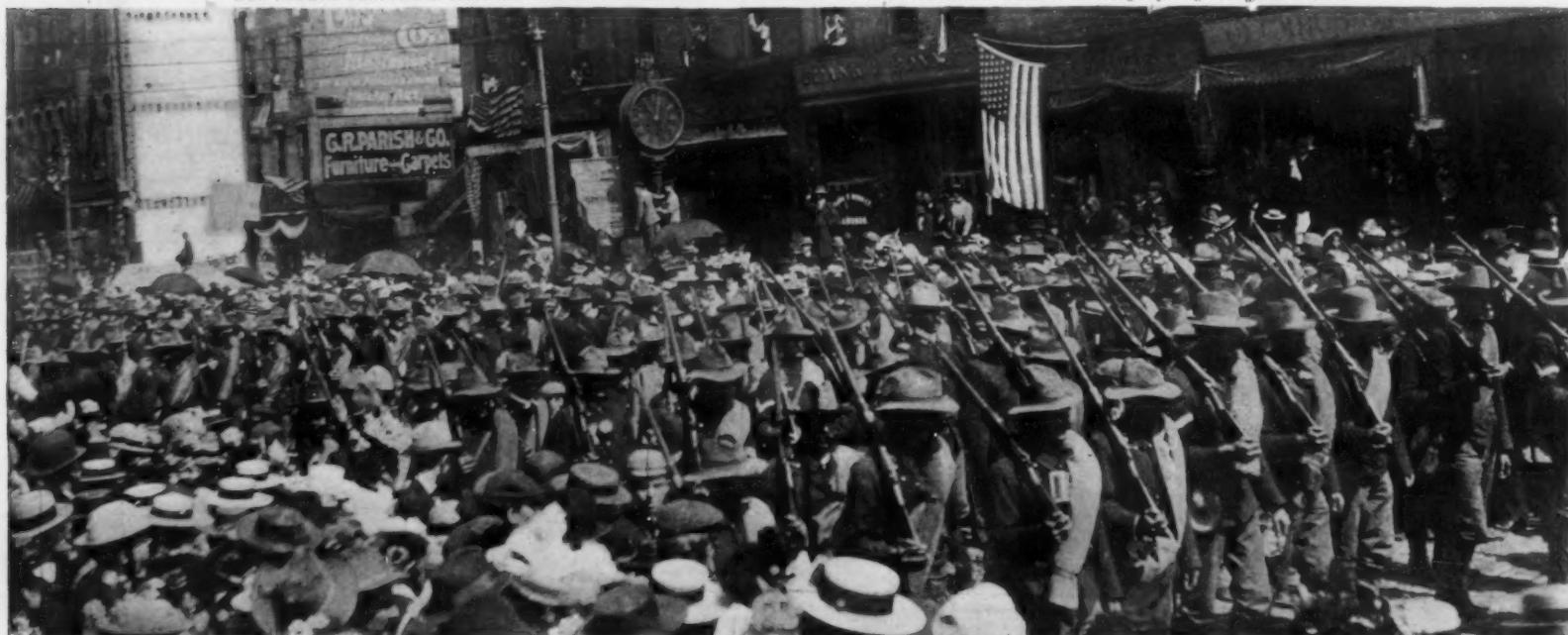


SECRETARY OF WAR GENERAL ALGER REVIEWING THE SECOND DIVISION, FIRST ARMY CORPS, IN KNOXVILLE.—Photograph by Knaffl Brothers.



THE FOURTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT BEING REVIEWED BY SECRETARY OF WAR GENERAL ALGER.—Photograph by Knaffl Brothers.

Drum-major—height, six feet eight inches.



THE SEVENTEENTH REGULARS RETURNING FROM SANTIAGO, CUBA, TO THEIR BARRACKS, COLUMBUS, OHIO, THROUGH STREETS SO DENSELY PACKED WITH PEOPLE THAT IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE SOLDIERS TO PASS—THE REGIMENT LEFT COLUMBUS 600 STRONG AND RETURNED WITH ONLY 300 MEN.—Photograph by Hester A. Getz.



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1898

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DEWEY.

SCHLEY.

THE THREE GREAT NAVAL HEROES

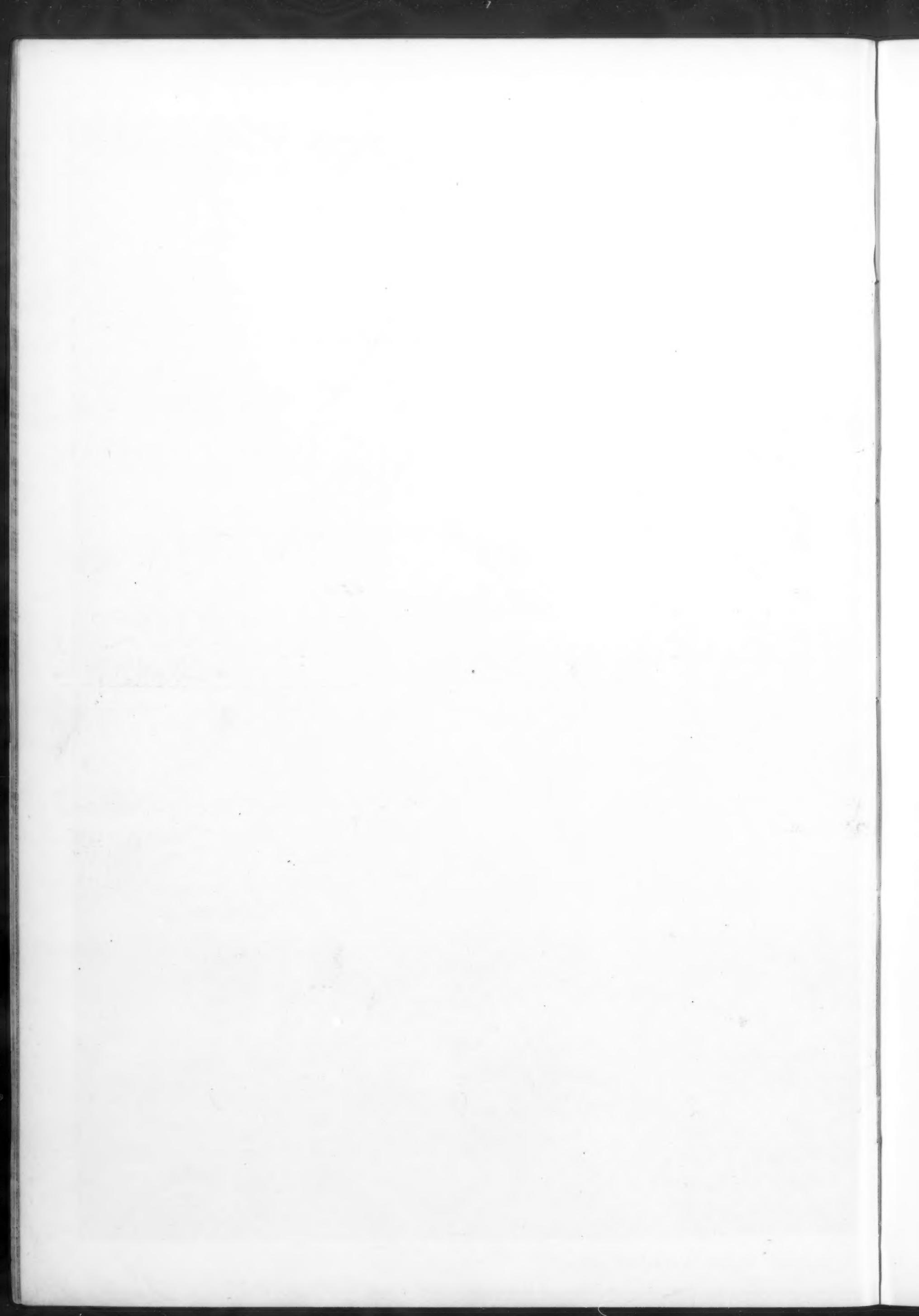
REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, WHO SUNK THE SPANISH FLEET AT MANILA; REAR-ADMIRAL W. T. SAMPSON, WHO PLANNED THE CAPTURE



SAMPSON.

EROES OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

NED THE CAPTURE OF CERVERA'S FLEET AT SANTIAGO; AND REAR-ADMIRAL W. S. SCHLEY, WHO SUPERBLY EXECUTED THAT PLAN.



Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap, and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap, this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.



PILES! PILES! PILES!
Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Sold by druggists; sent by mail, 50c. and \$1.00 per box. WILLIAMS MFG CO., Cleveland, O.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER
Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.
Caution. The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade. Our name spells—
S-O-H-M-E-R
Sohmer Building, Fifth Ave. cor. 22d St.
New York Warerooms.

GOING WEST
on the through cars and fast trains of the New York Central and Hudson River and the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," you will experience comfort in a high degree. All trains passing Niagara Falls by daylight stop five minutes at Falls View station.

Good constitutions framed for United States—for the world at large, with Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters, as foundation—then indigestion a stranger.

The Sohmer Piano has successfully passed the most severe critical test by the highest musical talent in the world.

For a tonic and regulator nothing equals Dr. Seger's Angostura Bitters.

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

REDUCED RATES TO PITTSBURG VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, ACCOUNT KNIGHTS TEMPLAR TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE.

On account of the Knights Templar Triennial Conclave, to be held at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, October 10th to 14th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from stations on its line to Pittsburgh and return at rate of *single fare for the round trip*, with minimum of twenty-five cents.

Tickets will be sold October 8th to 13th, good to return until October 17th inclusive. The return limit of tickets from Harrisburg and points east thereof can be extended to October 31st upon depositing same on October 13th to 17th with the joint agent at Pittsburgh and the payment of fifty cents.

GOING WEST!

Why not try the Nickel Plate Road? The rates are considerably lower than via other lines, while the service is excelled by none. Many improvements have been made in the last few years. Elegant coaches and powerful locomotives have been purchased, heavier rails and ties laid, and substantial structures of steel and stone have replaced the old bridges. Solid through trains of day-coaches and buffet sleeping-cars are run between New York and Chicago, via both West Shore and Delaware, Lackawanna and Western roads, while through sleeping-cars are run between Boston and Chicago via Fitchburg and West Shore roads, making no change of cars between Boston and New York and Erie, Cleveland, Fort Wayne, and Chicago. All trains now arrive at and depart from the Van Buren Street union station at Chicago, which is no doubt the most convenient station in the city, being located in the business centre and on the loop of the elevated railway system, where more than a thousand trains pass each day.

For information call on your nearest ticket-agent, or address F. J. Moore, general agent, Nickel Plate Road, 201 Main Street, Buffalo, New York.

Photographs of . . .

the Santiago Campaign.

For one year's subscription to **TRUTH** (\$2.50), any of the following MOUNTED photographs will be sent postpaid:

- 1 San Juan Hill. Showing the open space over which the charge was made and the block-house in the distance. An historic subject. Very fine.
- 2 General Miles, General Wheeler, and General Shafter returning from the conference with General Toral.
- 3 A Street in Santiago.
- 4 Grimes' Battery in Action. Taken on the firing line during the engagement.
- 5 View of Morro Castle. Showing entrance to Santiago Harbor. Also exit of Cervera's Fleet.

These photos are a handsome souvenir of the great Santiago Campaign. They were taken by Mr. William Dinwiddie, the only photographer who was *actually present on the firing line* during the three days' fight, and are absolutely authentic.

Each photo has Mr. Dinwiddie's signature. They are mounted on heavy board and measure 18 x 15. The actual size of the photograph is 15 x 12. Suitable for framing. Other subjects \$5.00 each.

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4th Ave. and 19th St., New York.

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. **NO-TO-BAC** removes the desire for tobacco, with no nervous disease, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book.

STOP CHEWING! 1,000 boxes sold, 400,000 cases cured. **Buy NO-TO-BAC** from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, pay a premium price for box, \$1, usually cure 3 boxes, \$3.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

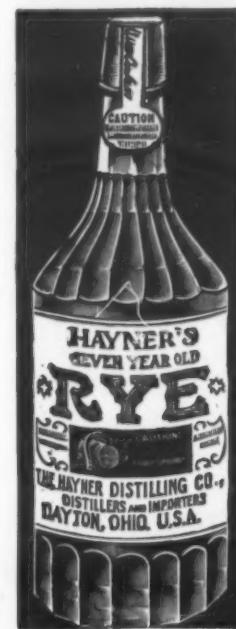
GIVES Strength AND VIGOR.

30 Days' Trial
The marvelous power exerted by my Electric Belt and Appliances, induces me to offer it to suffering men on 30 Days' Trial, so certain am I that it will cure and that you will gladly pay for the use of it. To men who have battered their stomachs with druge I want them to exercise their judgement and consider that Electricity is the greatest power on earth. It's unseen current, by life's force, into matter, it touches. The constant, steady life extended by my New Electric Appliances gives instant relief and never fails to cure Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney Troubles, Early Decay, Night Losses, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Nervous Debility, Undevelopment and Lost Vitality. You may not have faith in it now, but

WEAR IT FOR 30 DAYS and you will then realize why I have such confidence in it as to send it to you **ON TRIAL.** Write to-day for Illustrated Pamphlet with references and signed testimonials. Sent free in plain sealed envelope.

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DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER



Saving Middlemen's Profits, Preventing Possibility of Adulteration.

We are distillers with a wide reputation of 30 years' standing. We sell to consumers direct, so that our whiskey may be pure when it reaches you. It is almost impossible to get pure whiskey from dealers. We have tens of thousands of customers who never buy elsewhere. We want more of them and we make this offer to get them:

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for \$3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your \$3.20. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00.

We are the only distillers selling to consumers direct. Others who claim to be are only dealers. Our whiskey has our reputation behind it.

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References—Third Nat'l Bank, any business house in Dayton or Com'l Agencies.

P. S.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

[The above offer is genuine. We guarantee the above firm will do as they agree.—EDITOR.]

\$3 a Day Sure
Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. **ROYAL MFG. CO., Box 417, Detroit, Mich.**

The Sense of Heat and Fatigue will quickly vanish

after a bath with

Glenn's

Sulphur Soap

It removes impurities and cures the disagreeable itching skin eruptions so common in the summer time.

CAUTION:—Glenn's Sulphur Soap (the only "original") is incomparable and wonderful in its remedial effects. Take no other. Of druggists.

OPIUM

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If you are in need of employment, send us your address, and we will show you how to make \$18 a week easy and sure. If you are in need of employment, write to us at once. We guarantee that you can make \$18 a week absolutely sure. You will be surprised at how easy it can be done. Send us your address anyway, it will be to your interest to investigate. Write today. You can positively make \$18 a week easy. Address **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., BOX 534, DETROIT, MICH.**

**CLUB MEN
ON A TRAIN.**

Several members of a New York Club, describing a recent trip to Chicago on one of the New York Central's twenty-four-hour trains, expresses the opinion that this service furnished all the accommodations of a first-class club, with the added advantage of the finest landscapes in the country, and an opportunity for the practical study of history and geography that is unsurpassed.

The New York Central has issued a booklet descriptive of "The Lake Shore Limited," which also contains an epitome of what may be seen from the Observation Car as the train progresses on its daily run between New York and Chicago. Send for copy to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

\$3 20
FOUR FULL QUARTS
Express Prepaid.



TOO MUCH.

MOSE—"I doan' see de use in lyin' out here in de damp when yo' kin' 'complish so much mo' at night, yankin' pullets; I doan', fur true."

Hunter
Baltimore
Rye
Warranted
a
Pure
Tonical
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The Best Whiskey
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Sold at all First-class Cafes and by Jobbers.
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THEN TRY

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE--The Famous Tonic for Body and Brain.

Mariani Wine gives power to the brain, strength and elasticity to the muscles and richness to the blood. It is a promoter of good health and longevity.

Mariani Wine is endorsed by more than 8,000 American physicians. It is specially indicated for General Debility, Overwork, Profound Depression and Exhaustion, Throat and Lung Diseases, Consumption and Malaria.

Mariani Wine is invaluable for overworked men, delicate women and sickly children. It soothes, strengthens and sustains the system, and braces body and brain.

"Regarding the infantry marching in the recent manoeuvres, it was the best seen during my command at Aldershot. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani Wine, the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue."

From "The London Sketch."

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for the complete interior furnishings
and decorations of residences, clubs
and hotels.

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